March 25 cents

The American Mercury

IF THE REPUBLICANS WIN

By PAUL V. McNUTT

OUR ECONOMIC CIVIL WAR

By Ruth Finney

Siegfried Line *versus* Maginot Line . . . . . *Fritz Sternberg*
Lewis Fights Labor Peace . . . . . *Benjamin Stolberg*
"Be Sure to Listen In" . . . . . *Whitfield Cook*
Menace of the Uninsured Motorist . . . . . *Ferdinand Lundberg*
No More West Indies! . . . . . *Tom S. Hyland*
El Sunkist Florida . . . . . *Theodore Pratt*
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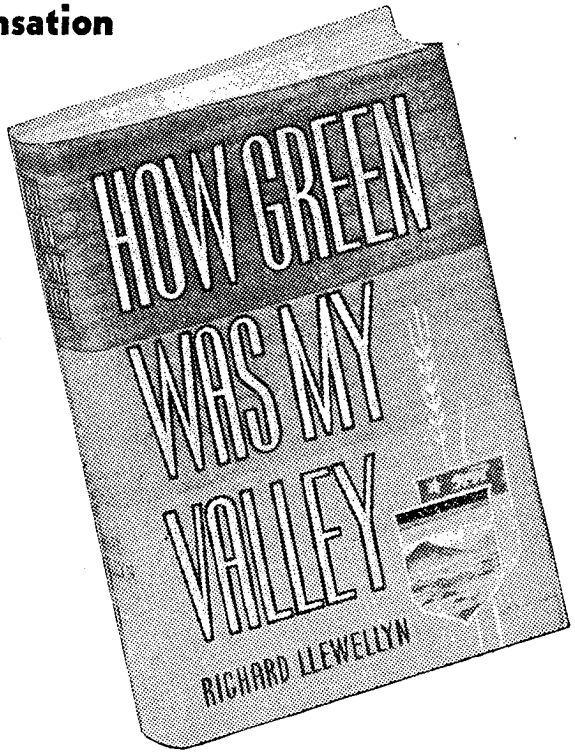

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COSMIC RAYS, by R. A. Millikan. $2.50. *Macmillan.* Although of chief interest to the specialist, Dr. Millikan's account of the discovery and investigation of cosmic rays bestows an occasional nod of sympathy upon the lay reader. "The cosmic rays," he notes, "seem to be popular with the public just now. Perhaps one of the things they are good for, like the coming of the telescope in 1600, is to help to get a more rational, more scientific, more intelligent mode of approach into public thinking than just now exists in the United States."

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DIVIDENDS TO PAY, by E. D. Kennedy. $2.50. *Reynal & Hitchcock.* Mr. Kennedy, who used to write the Business & Finance department of *Time* and was editorial associate of *Fortune* is not abashed by the false whiskers of Big Business. The "prosperity" of 1929 meant heavy money for only a handful of our countrymen: ". . . there were 14,800 persons with individual incomes of more than $100,000 a year. The total income of these persons was $4,400,000,000. They took in more than one-third as much money as 8,800,000 factory workers collected in wages for the year." He shows that in the peak year the top three-tenths of one per cent of the corporations "were making money *at the expense of* the other companies." The widespread stock ownership was merely an illusion — sometimes deliberately fostered by the large corporations to demonstrate the new democratic era in industrial ownership. Actually, 1,084 persons were "getting exactly 11.9 per cent of all the dividends paid out in 1929. These 1,084 persons therefore owned more than one-tenth of all American industry — or at least the dividend-paying portion thereof." Mr. Kennedy doesn't suggest any "way out." He sees no reason why the 1940's should be any better than the 1930's. "There is, indeed, every reason to believe that they may be considerably worse."

TURNING POINTS IN BUSINESS CYCLES, by Leonard P. Ayres. $2.75. *Macmillan.* Colonel Ayres, Vice President of the Cleveland Trust Company, summons forth the statistical genii to prove that the business cycle is basically explained by fluctuations in the volume of new funds going into business enterprises from the subscriptions of investors buying new issues of corporate securities.

(*Continued on page 268*)

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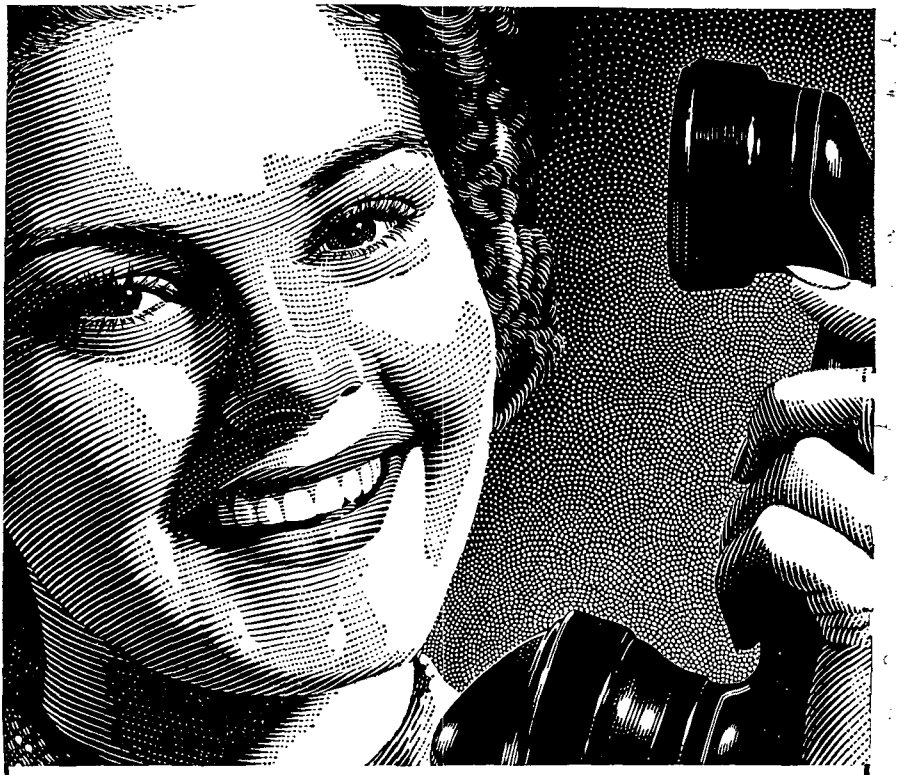

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The American
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IF THE REPUBLICANS WIN

By Paul V. McNutt

From the sound and the fury of Republican oratory, it is not altogether easy to determine just where the point of attack will be in the election battle of next November. Through the pre-convention smoke screen come random shots which, although mostly duds, may indicate the direction of the front in the major clash. Public polls and other phenomena of democracy distasteful to Republican candidates, suggest that the Grand Old Party is not unlikely to entrust its fate to one of the several contenders who at the moment are preempting the play. In Taft, Gannett, Dewey and Vandenberg, they have as fair a choice as they deserve. Should they elect to adhere to the rock-ribbed traditional conservatism which has characterized their position as the opposition party, they can turn to the publisher from New York, or to the Senator from Ohio without gagging too much. Should they decide to move ever so slightly toward the center, they might risk the District Attorney from New York or the Senator from Michigan.

Republican candidates seem to divide into two classes: the "no, but" kind and the "yes, but" kind. The "no, but" candidates attack the New Deal as fundamentally wrong in principle and a menace to the economic and social security of the country. Then they add, almost parenthetically, that of course the Roosevelt Administration has accomplished a few good things — things that should endure and that no Republican Administration

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would attempt to undo. The "no, but" candidates are very well exemplified by Gannett and Taft. The "yes, but" candidates begin at the other end by lauding the objectives of the Roosevelt Administration. They say they approve the motive of the New Deal, but that there have been serious errors in execution. The "yes, but" approach seems to have been adopted by Dewey and Vandenberg.

The "no, but" candidates are sometimes classed as conservative, and the "yes, but" candidates as middle-of-the-road. In fact, some of the latter seem to aspire to be known as liberals. However, when the two varieties of Republicans are brought down to brass tacks, they become almost indistinguishable. The "yes, but" candidates find so many serious faults in the achievements of the Roosevelt Administration that for all practical purposes they might as well be "no, butters." On the other hand, the "no, butters" have a few exceptions after their "no" — about enough to equal what remains of the "yes" after the "yes, butters'" "but."

Obviously no Republican Administration would or could destroy all the great advances made during the last seven years. No practical politician could attempt their wholesale destruction without destroying himself and his party. Least of all could he afford to attack openly such sound and popular New Deal policies as the conservation of natural resources, the social security program, the reforms in the banking system, and the regulation of the securities market.

But great achievements can be vitiated by means other than open attack. They can be vitiated by lack of firm enforcement. We had examples of that in the ineffectiveness of the Tariff Commission and the Federal Trade Commission during the Republican Administrations of the 1920's. Great achievements can be strangled by refusing to provide the money to make them effective. It does not require much imagination to anticipate what would happen if three members of the Old Guard were hauled out of Wall Street to take their places in the Securities and Exchange Commission. Jerome Frank, Leon Henderson, and Ed Eicher may have made occasional errors in judgment, but it is hardly to be supposed that Mike Meehan, H. C. Hopson, and Jesse Livermore would administer the Act as the disinterested supervisory and regulating body which the people have wanted. It is quite possible

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that Warren Madden, Edwin Smith, and William Leiserson have made mistakes in the interpretation of the Wagner Labor Relations Act, but it is doubtful if Ernest Weir, Tom Girdler, Col. McCormick or their henchmen would correct these mistakes.

If the nation goes reactionary next fall, it is likely to look to the party of reaction. Logically, therefore, it might appear that the best bet would be the most conservative candidate. But as every politician knows, things are not always so simple. The nation usually votes more or less "liberal" or more or less "conservative." The problem for Republicans thus is to determine just *how* conservative the country will feel on election day. Whoever the Republican nominee is, he will have in the election the support of the extremely conservative interests which have fought almost every forward step taken by the Roosevelt Administration. They probably will provide most of his campaign funds, and they will expect him to do his duty by them if he enters the White House.

No Democrat would assert that the Roosevelt Administration has not made mistakes. These mistakes, however, can best be rectified by those who are wholeheartedly committed to the principles and objectives of liberal government. Most important, no clear-sighted person would assert that we have reached the point where we can rest on our oars. Great problems remain unsolved. They can be attacked successfully only by those who have the will to attack them — who, like all human beings, may make mistakes, but are determined to find a solution. They cannot be solved by those unrealistic enough to believe that this country can and should be returned to the days of William McKinley, or Calvin Coolidge. Out of generosity to my Republican friends I do not suggest that any of them would like to have this country return to the days of Warren Harding or Herbert Hoover.

If we assume, therefore, that Taft, Gannett, Dewey or Vandenberg represent a fair spread of Republican choice, we may hope to get some idea of what would happen in the improbable case of a Republican victory by examining the pre-convention platforms which these gentlemen are constructing.

II

Mr. Taft devotes himself largely to the problem of the budget and the national debt. Since these are questions on which the "yes, butters"

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and the "no, butters" take much the same position, more attention may be paid to the Senator's observations than they otherwise deserve.

When it is said that the budget must be balanced, there is normally the inference that it is to be accomplished by a reduction in the expenses of government. When the Republicans state that they will balance the budget, they intend that this inference be drawn. At no time in its history has the Republican Party conducted a campaign on a platform which calls for increased taxes to raise additional revenue to meet an unbalanced budget. It is clear, however, that when expenditures are curtailed, the things previously obtained for the expenditures cannot be secured. Not even a Republican Administration can achieve the impossible. Doing without the things formerly obtained by the expenditure of public funds is always called by him who advocates it an "economy." If the Republicans propose to balance the budget by effecting economies as distinguished from withdrawing essential services, it should be possible to discover the sources of these economies.

The chief Republican spokesman on budget cutting, Senator Taft, has suggested the elimination of bureaus and agencies. By reason of what his colleague, Senator Vandenberg, modestly regards as the superior administrative skill of the Republican Party, this could supposedly be accomplished without loss of efficiency. The truth is the Republicans have displayed considerable ingenuity in devising new government agencies. I believe it was the Republicans who invented the Federal Radio Commission (FRC), the Federal Farm Board (FFB), the Inland Waterways Commission (IWC), the Reclamation Bureau (RB), the Federal Employment Stabilization Board (FESB), the Federal Real Estate Board (FREB), the Federal Narcotic Control Board (FNCB), United States Mediation Board (USMB), Prohibition Bureau (PB), Migratory Bird Conservation Commission (MBCC), and the Industrial Alcohol Bureau (IAB), to name a few that come to mind.

They propose to save money, however, by abolishing the Disaster Loan Corporation created as a result of the great 1937 flood, and the Electric Home and Farm Authority, a self-supporting agency created to encourage and promote the sale of electrical equipment on easy credit. They would also abolish the National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics (budget of

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$2,800,000), whose members serve without pay to direct vital aviation research at Langley Field, the National Resources Planning Board (budget of $1,060,000), whose main purpose is to promote efficiency and economy, and the Division of Cultural Relations of the Department of State (budget of $37,975) to improve cultural and trade relations with South America.

There are others, but these are enough to create a healthy suspicion that the bureaus or agencies which would be abolished are the ones we could spare least or, alternatively, those which would result in negligible saving. If we look at what Republicans do rather than what they say, we feel reasonably certain that they will abolish none or, at most, will substitute new ones for old. It is notable that bureaus to facilitate intelligent use of public funds are especially abhorred by the "practical" Republicans.

It is an indisputable fact that the period brought about by the specious inflation of the Roaring Twenties was one of unbalanced governmental budgets. Prior to the New Deal, it was mostly State and local budgets that were lopsided. Indeed, many municipalities and some States were close to bankruptcy. Few were as fortunate as Indiana, which was able to go into 1937 with a cash surplus of $21,000,000. If the complete load for relief and other necessary expenditures to revive business had been left to the States, the burden would have fallen largely on property owners since most of the State revenue comes from property taxes. On the other hand, by assuming a good share of the load, the Federal government, which collects a large part of its revenues from income taxes, is better able to distribute the burden where it will work the least hardship.

Thus, even if the States had been relatively equal in wealth, the assumption of the emergency expense by the Federal government was eminently proper, just as the assumption of the extraordinary expenses resulting from the war was altogether an appropriate charge upon the national government. In view of the wide differences in the ability of the States to carry the load of depression expenditures, the Federal budget was the only one which could stand the deficits, without causing unbearable suffering to millions of our citizens.

About the national debt, too, there has been much loose talk and still looser thinking by all the Republicans. The greatest fallacy in

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connection with the debt is that the obligation of the nation is analogous to the debt of an individual. It is, of course, nothing of the kind. The notion that our national debt is driving the country headlong toward bankruptcy is obviously preposterous. We were much closer to bankruptcy when we were using foreign capital for the expansion of our industrial program than we are now while using the national debt to siphon off our surplus money into useful forms of work. So long as our borrowing is confined to our own people, we obviously cannot become insolvent. We cannot borrow from ourselves more than we have. The trouble with our national economy is that we cannot lend enough money, not that we are lending too much. The Republicans merely prefer to see business go in debt instead of government.

It is much more important to examine the things for which our borrowed money is used than the mere fact that it is borrowed. Republican candidates are silent on this issue. Apparently all approve the character of the expenditures. The reason is obvious. It is almost all clearly in the investment category, either direct or indirect. A great deal of the deficit has been created to finance relief in forms which contribute to the nation's tangible and material wealth.

From 1933 to 1938, over 14 billion dollars' worth of physical assets were created in the form of buildings, roads, bridges, and other types of construction. Many of these assets don't belong to the Federal government, but they belong to the nation. If the President's new budget is adopted, the gross Federal debt will be slightly less than 45 billion, representing an increase of approximately 24 billion dollars for the eight years of the New Deal and four months longer. Estimated increase in the material wealth of the nation will be somewhat in excess of 19 billion dollars. Another two billion went for prepaying of war bonuses, which had already been obligated. This leaves a net cost for the period of around three billion dollars for the relief of human suffering and want and the stabilization of our economic machinery. This is nothing like the capital losses that resulted from the Republican method of financing prosperity in the Roaring Twenties.

Republican economics indicate that the nation's back will surely be broken by the interest load incurred to carry the debt. But even a superficial view will indicate the nonsense of this contention. Sena-

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tor Norris once observed of taxes that it was less the amount of the tax that mattered than the amount which the taxpayer had left after paying it. It is much the same way with the payment of interest. The amount required to service the debt is important only in relation to the national income. The plain truth is that the interest on the public debt today is not as great a burden to the taxpayer as it was under the nation's "greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton." In 1923, the total interest on the debt was $1,056,000,000 or 1.6 per cent of the $65,949,000,000 total national income. In 1939, the interest on the debt totalled $941,000,000 or 1.34 per cent of the $70,000,000,000 national income. Although the interest payment estimated for 1940 will reach $1,050,000,000, it is still but 1.4 per cent of the estimated income — well below the carrying charges under Mr. Mellon.

There is another way to look at the public debt under the New Deal. For the 24 billion dollar increase, already the national income has been increased by more than 30 billion dollars annually. The whole addition to the debt could be paid out of the increased income of one year if the people cared to do it, and would still leave the country with more net income than in 1932.

That business or government had to borrow this amount is elementary. The only alternative would have been continued depression. Surplus savings must be utilized or the capitalistic machine is stalled completely. Money must be saved or spent. If saved, it must be reinvested at a rate sufficient to balance the income of the nation. The economic stream will soon run dry unless as much goes into it as is taken out. Capitalism is a game of put-and-take. You can't take unless you keep putting. If the government hadn't borrowed, business would have, or we would still be where we were in 1932 — or worse.

The truth is, of course, government borrowing for investment purposes — spending if you choose — was made necessary because private savers would not disgorge. When private capital shows an inclination to attend to its own affairs by normal expansion and investment, government borrowing can cease. An examination of the record of private and public debts for the years prior to and following 1932 indicates that the government merely assumed the investment obligations of private business during a period when the latter found it psychologically impossible to discharge those obliga-

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tions on account of the paralyzing losses that investors had been forced to swallow. Necessarily government must assume this obligation when the going gets too tough for private enterprise.

In 1930, the private long-term debt in the United States was $84,500,000,000 as compared to a Federal long-term debt of $14,454,000,000. During the ensuing years of the depression, the one declined steadily while the other, of course, increased. In 1937, the private long-term debt had dwindled to $70,335,000,000 while the corresponding Federal debt had reached $36,715,000,000. The total of private, Federal, State, and local long-term debt had increased during the period only from $116,391,000,000 to $126,202,000,000 — about the normal rate. When private investors were most cautious, Federal investments reached a peak.

III

All this indicates something about our national economy that the Republicans apparently have never understood, namely, that the debt structure of the country must be preserved and that during the past eight years the government has been forced to absorb an indebtedness which private enterprise would not, for various reasons, undertake. A political party which fails to learn this fundamental of national economy, is a safe party in power only so long as things take care of themselves.

As to repayment of the national debt, let us again be realistic. Were we to start on a large-scale reduction program, taxes obviously would be oppressive. Business would be burdened and expansion would be discouraged. It is the same with a private debtor, however solvent. Liquidation means closing down. No one advocates that the United States government be liquidated and wound up. The nation has assets far in excess of its debts. But the worst thing that can happen to any going concern is to pay off its obligations too fast. If the Republicans want the next generation to start from scratch, let them start on a large-scale debt-reduction program. It would be unnecessary to pay the last 20 billion of the debt. The revolutionary government which would succeed the Republican Administration would repudiate it and a bloody epoch in our history would be closed. When the national income reaches eighty or ninety billion dollars, we can balance the budget and start to reduce the debt without dislocating our economy or without excessive taxes.

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Senator Vandenberg says the New Deal has brought us on evil days, that "a bankrupt Utopia has got to be rescued," that a "wastrel theory" has "nothing to show for itself except a national debt now crowding $45,000,000,000." The facts show that the "bankrupt Utopia" has, for the increase in debt of $24,000,000,000, costing much less to carry than in the Republicans' Roaring Twenties, $19,000,000,000 worth of much needed public property, a reduction of unemployment from 16,000,000 to 9,000,000 despite the addition of 5,000,000 workers to our population, and a national income increased by $30,000,000,000 annually. Call it bankruptcy, if you will, but let us define our terms. At least it is a kind of ruin in which we are producing and enjoying much more than we did in 1932.

In case of a Republican victory in 1940, what specifically would happen to certain New Deal reforms and the agencies set up for administering them? My belief is that the Republicans would divide these reforms into about three groups: One group they would save because they have to; another they would scuttle; and a third they would permit to die painlessly. In the first group I would place the Old-Age Insurance provisions of the Social Security Act, the Railroad Retirement Act, and the corporate reorganization chapter of the Bankruptcy Act.

While the Republicans would like nothing better than to abolish the entire Social Security program — which Landon described in '36 as a "cruel hoax" — the working men and women of the country at the present time have too substantial a stake in the insurance features to permit abandonment of that part of the program. Since January, 1937, from 26,000,000 to 46,000,000 American wage earners have been paying taxes under the Social Security program in the belief that they will receive Old-Age Retirement benefits. Any party that would attempt to wipe out this system would be committing political suicide. In the case of Railroad Retirement benefits, a comparable condition exists with a very potent factor added. Standing squarely behind the retirement benefits for railroad workers are the four railroad brotherhoods which in 1916 were sufficiently powerful to bring about the enactment of the Adamson Law. In 1940 these same brotherhoods are still sufficiently strong politically to prevent drastic changes in the Railroad Retirement Act.

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Popular approval would save the bankruptcy reforms of the New Deal, particularly those which put under the Bankruptcy Act the reorganization of corporations. Both the creditor class of the country — the group most vitally affected — and the bar would oppose any move to repeal these reforms and turn corporate reorganization back to the Federal equity courts.

Another group of reforms the Republicans would scuttle under their announced philosophy of "turn relief back to the States." By its failure to appropriate necessary funds, Congress could reduce to an empty shell the Public Assistance titles of the Social Security Act which pour into the States hundreds of millions of dollars annually in the shape of grants-in-aid for the needy aged, the blind, dependent children, and public health. The Works Projects Administration, the Civilian Conservation Corps, and the National Youth Administration would probably be abolished. As the repeal of these nation-wide programs would cause a sudden wave of unemployment unprecedented in the nation's history, the unemployment compensation systems of the forty-eight States would soon collapse and the disastrous conditions of 1932 would be with us once more.

In the third group of reforms are those which would not fall instantly under the Republican ax but would expire gradually. I refer to such programs as those in operation under the Securities and Exchange Commission and the National Labor Relations Board. As already indicated, the Republicans could stifle these programs under a do-nothing philosophy.

And what would happen to prosperity? I believe that even the prospect of a Republican victory would set off a stock-market boom that would lead to the same kind of capital inflation that we saw in 1928–29. But the art of keeping the investors in the dark has been lost, and the collapse could be expected much sooner than in the 'twenties.

The Republican Party is still the party of reaction. It is still the party of special privilege and of *laissez faire*. In other words, it is still the Republican Party. Try as hard as it would, a Republican administration could never go back to what the members of that party euphemistically refer to as "the good old days." Succeed they would, however, in reducing to a minimum the benefits accruing from the Democratic program. The nation would have to learn all over again a sad lesson. But the price in suffering would be appalling.

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▶ *Camouflaged tariff walls and other trade barriers between the States*

OUR ECONOMIC CIVIL WAR

By Ruth Finney

An American war between the States is in progress, but after the fashion of recent years it is an undeclared war. It is an economic war, fought with State trade barriers rather than bullets. But it threatens the Union as surely as did the Civil War seventy-five years ago. For it is destroying the fundamental condition which made the United States the world's most prosperous nation — free trade over an area large enough to function as a successful economic unit.

The States have been building tariff walls. They are called by more euphonious names, of course, since State tariffs are unconstitutional. They pass as inspection laws, quarantine laws, tax laws. But whatever the labels, they attempt to protect home industry and they operate to hamper the flow of interstate business. In greater or smaller measure they imitate the principle of economic autarchy which has helped make Europe a shambles. Eight States are enforcing these laws with armed guards along their borders and ports of entry like European customs houses. Every State has enacted such legislation. Altogether they have enacted some thousand restrictive laws. Other laws not intended as barriers are being enforced as such. Bitterness, boycotts, retaliations, border wars have resulted.

The United States should have known better. The thirteen Colonies levied tariffs against each other and reaped bitter consequences. They became convinced beyond doubt that they could not go on as separate economic entities. Chief Justice Marshall, who lived through that era, wrote of it, in an opinion striking down an early prototype of today's barrier laws:

> The oppressed and degraded state of commerce, previous to the adoption of the Constitution, can scarcely be forgotten. . . . Those who felt the injury arising from this state of things, and those who were capable of estimating the influence of commerce on the prosperity of nations, perceived the necessity of giving control over this important subject to a single government. It may be doubted whether any of the evils proceeding from the

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feebleness of the Federal government contributed more to that great Revolution which introduced the present system than the deep and general conviction that commerce ought to be regulated by Congress.

Today the lesson must be learned over again.

The present situation grew up gradually over a period of years. Trade barrier laws, passed here and there, escaped general attention. Many of them seemed harmless. They began in the efforts of a few powerful businesses to strangle competition. They gained momentum during the depression when both large and small concerns were fighting for every bit of business in sight. Many of them were passed to punish other States. Some were primarily attempts to find new sources of state and local revenue.

Suddenly State and Federal officials discovered that taken as a whole these petty and innocuous looking laws were menacing the trade of the nation.

North Carolina won't let Louisiana strawberries enter the State. Georgia has directed its commissioner of agriculture to place an embargo on any fruit or vegetable when the supply of that product within the State is sufficient for its markets. Maine charges its distillers and brewers who use Maine products $100 for a license; those who use the products of any other State are charged $3000. In Idaho all persons employed on public construction, repair and maintenance work must be bona fide Idaho residents, and contractors must pay taxes in the State. Iowa stops bread coming in from other States and weighs it at the State line. Connecticut requires that all milk or milk products used in frozen deserts be pasteurized within the State. New York City, along with twenty-five States, levies an excise tax on cigarettes and wonders how to stop the bootleg traffic.

A Texas trucker got an order to take some household goods to West Virginia. He wrote ahead for information about State laws and found he couldn't go by a southern route because his truck was two feet too long to comply with a law covering ten miles in one State. He found he could go by a northern route, but if he did he would have to spend approximately $1000 in attorneys' fees, traveling expenses, and taxes, and could not complete the trip in less than six weeks.

Last summer eleven English newspapermen visiting this country wanted to go from New York to San Francisco and back by chartered bus. They found that California would charge $231 for

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the privilege of operating the bus within its borders, $91 in license fees and $140 in taxes. New Mexico would charge $25 for letting the bus pass through, Arizona $6.50, Oregon $2.50 for registration plus 6 per cent of gross revenues, Montana two dollars for insurance and one-half of one per cent of gross revenues, Wyoming five dollars and one-half mill per passenger mile; Colorado $20 and one mill per passenger mile; Missouri five dollars plus three dollars a day, Kansas two cents a mile. The Englishmen abandoned the trip.

A Nebraska nurseryman located twenty miles from the Kansas line got an order to deliver some rose bushes to a Kansas customer. He started out with the bushes on his truck. When he got to the State line he was stopped at the Kansas port of entry. He had to buy a Kansas commercial license for his truck, show insurance papers covering it, submit to inspection of all his equipment, have his truck weighed, buy a Kansas permit to haul a commercial load on the State highway, report his destination and the highways over which he would travel, and deposit $50 to guarantee payment of a one-half mill tax per ton mile for use of the roads when he should leave the State. He then had to buy a permit to sell nursery stock in Kansas, had to show that his stock was free of pests and disease, and had to show that his roses were graded and labeled as to color and variety. Once was enough for him. He couldn't afford to do interstate business at that rate.

Governor Stark of Missouri vouches for this one about a bridegroom living on a Missouri farm, who was to marry a girl in an adjoining State. The morning of the wedding he received a wire instructing him to stop at the freight station in the nearest town and pick up a wedding gift. He set off in his only car, a small truck, and when he got to the station, found his gift was an electric refrigerator. It was almost time for the wedding and he couldn't go back home with it so he went on toward his bride's home. He crossed the State line as he had done a hundred times before, but this time the guard challenged him. When he didn't stop the guard fired. The young man said he was on his way to his wedding but the guard had heard that one before, and accused him of attempting to deliver merchandise without paying the State tax. He was allowed to telephone only after considerable delay. Eventually he got to his wedding. It is almost too much to have to relate that

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when he started home that night with his bride and the refrigerator, a new set of guards had been stationed at the State line and the whole trying performance was staged again.

II

When Michigan barred California wine by a tax twelve and a half times as heavy as that imposed on Michigan wines, California threatened to stop buying Michigan trucks for its State offices. California quarantined Florida citrus fruits and Florida returned the compliment. Texas took a hand in the game but remembered in time that there is no Texas crop to supply consumers between April and September. So a quarantine to protect State farmers against plant diseases and insects from outside operates each year in Texas from September to April, and is promptly put aside when May comes. Wisconsin, a dairy State, makes the price of oleomargarine prohibitive through tax laws and licensing laws, and the southern States that raise cottonseed oil for margarine won't eat Wisconsin cheese. Michigan, Indiana and Ohio started a three-cornered beer war. Rhode Island poured red coloring matter into Vermont milk. Vermont started to sue but stopped when someone recalled a chapter in her history when she was coloring oleomargarine pink.

Twenty-eight States will buy nothing for State institutions that has not been produced locally. Twenty-five of them tax "foreign" life insurance companies. In all but nineteen States, non-resident attorneys are required to take an examination before being admitted to the bar. California will not let her school children use textbooks printed outside the State. Los Angeles county, and also the State of Colorado, thought for a time that they could establish "immigration stations" at their borders to turn back migrant families who lacked a required amount of cash; but there was still enough Constitutional tradition left to put a stop to that.

Even cities and towns took up the idea of discriminative regulation. In Green River, Wyoming, a retailer brooded on the sales being made by peddlers until he evolved the idea of an ordinance forbidding house-to-house canvassing except by invitation of the occupants. The State courts said it was all right and hundreds of cities followed suit.

The trucking industry has probably been the greatest sufferer. The

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consciousness that public funds provided the highways for this industry is widespread, and it was one of the first and most logical sources to turn to for new taxes. Where local officials didn't think of enough things to do to the truckers, the railroads helped out.

Texas won't let a truck use its roads if truck and load together weigh more than 7000 pounds. There is one exception. If the truck is taking its load to a railroad for shipment, the limit is 14,000 pounds. From the low of 7000 pounds, weight limitations range up to 120,000 pounds in Rhode Island. A traveler wanting to take a load of goods from Tennessee to Ohio would probably start with a 24,000 pound load, because that is the legal limit in Tennessee. He would first discover that a direct route through Kentucky was impossible because the load limit in Kentucky is 18,000 pounds. He would have to detour through Missouri, Illinois and Indiana to reach his destination, or through Virginia and West Virginia, first making an elaborate calculation based on tire size, wheel base, and other factors, to learn the legal weight limit in the latter State.

In the midst of the melee, merchants in States which had imposed sales taxes discovered that in spite of all they could do to discourage outside buying, their customers were doing it, to escape the tax. So the use tax came into being, imposed on goods on which a local sales tax has not been paid. All but six of the twenty-three States with sales taxes now have adopted this hanger-on. Five of them do not allow offsets for sales taxes paid in the State of origin. Twenty-three States have chain store taxes.

If trade barriers meant dollars and cents to any considerable part of the population, strictures upon their illegality would be futile. But the wiser heads are beginning to realize that as a means to an economic boom, barriers are a bust.

As soon as Michigan grape growers got the protection they wanted in their discriminatory tax law, they increased their acreage. Now they are worse off than before. The worst of it is that Michigan people don't take to the home product they are forced to drink.

Often an innocent industry suffers from the retaliation which follows erection of a barrier. Colorado truckers got a law passed to keep out competition from outside. But it was the Colorado potato growers who lost, when it came time to move their crops and a sufficient supply of trucks could not be had for love or money.

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Wisconsin's beer and cheese have been boycotted by States resentful of the ban against oleomargarine maintained for the benefit of Wisconsin dairymen. Some of the State's economists have been comparing sales in the Wisconsin home butter market, which is being protected from margarine, with losses on other products through retaliation. The comparison shows that the State suffers economically from its present policy; but so far not enough people are convinced to shout down the dairy industry.

Of course the consumer loses all the way down the line. Barriers can mean only one thing for him — higher prices.

III

To all who will listen, Nathanael H. Engle, assistant director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, has been pointing out the trap into which the States will fall if they pursue their course to its ultimate absurdity. Suppose, he said in a recent speech, that Colorado, for example, should decide to become completely self-sufficient and should meet with the inevitable retaliation. The Colorado beet sugar industry would fall away to nearly nothing. When enough coal had been mined to warm the people of the State and run its industries, the mines would close down. The greater part of the market for its iceberg lettuce, Rocky Ford cantaloupes, and Pascal celery would be gone. The cattle industry would dwindle to a size sufficient to provide beef and hides for the State. And then, he asked,

> How long could you run your automobiles on the gasoline and oil produced and refined in Colorado?
>
> If you could surmount that problem, what would you do for automobiles when your present cars were worn out? Assume that you could establish your own automobile industry. I venture to say that very few of your workingmen would be driving their own cars to work under those conditions. Why? Because an automobile industry, in order to make cars which will sell at a price the average citizen can pay, must have the advantage not merely of the market of a single State, but of many States. . . . What is true of the automobile industry would be true of many other industries as well.

Attorney General Robert H. Jackson has issued a similar warning:

> It is not too much to say that the high living standards of America, the availability for our daily needs of the varied products of the nation, and the mass production of our industry are due to the consistency with which this country has pursued the ideal of free trade among the States.
>
> But over and above even the requirements of both our law and our prosperity are other values which we

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cannot sacrifice. Our security and our culture rest upon our sense of unity as one nation with one destiny.

A start has been made toward restoring the union of the States. Forty-one States have qualified for membership in the Council of State Governments by establishing Commissions on Interstate Co-operation. Only fifteen of these Commissions have funds with which to undertake active work, but these have been calling interstate conferences to iron out barrier quarrels, and their proposals for co-operation have been adopted by a number of legislatures. Last April the Council of State Governments focussed attention on the problem with a conference in Chicago, attended by Federal and State officials, and largely as a result of that conference, trade barriers were repealed or vetoed in about twenty States, and the passage of new laws was almost stopped. Oklahoma abolished its ports of entry during the year. Within the last two months, six departments of the Federal government, under the leadership of Secretary of Commerce Hopkins, have formed a joint committee to study the problem and devise solutions.

Court action under the commerce clause would seem to be the most obvious remedy. The Supreme Court recently declared invalid a law passed by Florida attempting to levy an "inspection fee" on cement imported from foreign countries. However the Court has sustained some laws that seem to operate as barriers, while rejecting others. Furthermore, as Attorney General Jackson has pointed out, not all trade restrictions can be attacked in this manner, since some of them are unquestionably within the power of the States to impose. The repeal amendment, for instance, specifically gave the States authority to regulate liquor traffic across their borders.

However, Jackson suggests in an article in *The Annals of the American Academy*, just published, that while removing barriers through case-by-case adjudication may not be feasible, Congress has at its disposal other means of action which might reach some of the abuses. It might, he believes, impose uniform regulations which would supersede local inspection and quarantine laws that have proved definitely burdensome to interstate commerce; and it might even limit State taxing powers in order to prevent restriction of trade.

One thing is certain: if the economic war continues it will mean disaster to internal peace and national unity.

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EL SUNKIST FLORIDA

By Theodore Pratt

Some of Florida's famous oranges are shipped while still green inside. The outside, however, presents a beautiful golden surface, luscious in its implications. The State of Florida itself is a good deal like that. The fact that the skin of the orange is sometimes chemically tinted for effect doesn't spoil the comparison; on the contrary. Around Florida's coastline of magnificent beaches, strewn sensuously with female forms and backed up by colorful architecture, a thin rind of civilization has been artificially ripened. Civilization of a kind, let me qualify to forestall the protests of too literal readers. Within this glowing rind, the state still has the rawness of a frontier, despite the fact that it was the site of the first European settlements in America. Most people who go to Florida see only the eye-filling and heart-warming outer covering. Few bother to peel it back and gaze at the endless incongruities, the backwoods conditions, or the political corruption which flourishes under the hot Florida sun as lustily as some of the indecently luxurious flora of the region.

The corruption may be native; but the "Land of Flowers" decidedly does not derive its title to this description from its own flora. One looks in vain for the advertised profusion of flowers in the flat sand wastes, the jungle-like swamps, and rough scrub of Florida. Most of the flowers on proud exhibition are carefully cultivated and often, like the "natives," imported. Northern Florida is Southern in social aspect and Southern Florida, having been settled mostly by Yankees and occupied by additional Yankee hordes in winter, is essentially Northern.

The juxtaposition of the haves and the have-nots is notorious. A family of five poor whites have been known to live in an abandoned automobile, a few miles from the palaces of Palm Beach. In towns where Negroes aren't allowed on the streets after dark, café society south for the winter doesn't allow itself to go home before dawn. In the Ringling Art Museum

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at Sarasota there is a matchless Rubens collection; not far inland, bean pickers from the Bahamas and West Indies hold Voodoo ceremonies and dances. In the business metropolis of Jacksonville a conjure shop sells amulets and charms to ward off evil. In the shadows of the most sophisticated centers white Holy Rollers go into such abandoned paroxysms of joy that the cops sometimes have to run them back into the scrub. Out of three lynchings in the country in 1939, two were in Florida. Incidentally, some Northern settlers have helped to keep the State near the top in the statistics of Southern lynchings.

On the more cheerful side, there is the most popular headline in Florida newspapers: "Blizzard Sweeps North." This is no mere expression of a climatic superiority complex. It is important economic news. The colder it is up North, the more tourists or "Snowbirds" are driven South for warmth. The Florida newsboy's cry of a cold wave in the North is like a New York City newsboy's cry of sharp advances in the stock market.

The Seminole Indians have never made a formal peace with the United States and are presumably still on the warpath. They have wreaked a cruel vengeance on the white invaders by leaving barrages of tongue-twisting names in their path, such as Apalachicola, Coctawatchee, Chokolosee, Ibitachuco, Okloacoochee, Panasoffkee, Weekiwachee, and Withlacoochee.

A good bit more fantastic than the Seminole names are the conglomerate Spanish, Italian and French labels on streets and mansions in places like Palm Beach. I say the word streets in an apologetic undertone — Floridians on the rind consider it low-life if not quite obscene. Their thoroughfares are decorated with monikers like Via Parigi, Via del Lago, El Vedado, El Bravo Way, and El Brillo Way. Unable to resist the Spanish influence, buildings wrap themselves in the aura of Casa Beata, Casa Soleade, Casa Anadna. Then there are Villa del Sarmiento, Villa Charmae, Villa Chiora. A little Irish gets entangled in the Mediterranean of Villa Blarney, and there is a whiff of far-off Hawaii in Villa Aloha. Mrs. James H. Kennedy calls her estate "Kenlewomai," and Joseph P. Kennedy, the Ambassador, calls his "La Quierda." Wiley R. Reynolds labels his "La Solona," while Louis S. Levy's is known as "El Solano." Others are Heamaw, Los Incas, Playa Rienta, El Solido, Neptuno, and El Cabrera, while the largest of them all, the E. T. Stotesbury

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mansion, is "El Mirasol." An apartment building in nearby Lake Worth is labelled "El Sunkiss."

Practically all the most pretentious Casas, Els and Villas are white elephants, and secretly for sale. It is against social etiquette to advertise them on the open market. The recent grievously vulgar action of one owner, who placed a "For-Sale-Consult-Your-Own-Broker" sign on his chaste seafront lawn, was a scandal thought to warrant social ostracism. Those who manage to sell move up to the less flamboyant but more exclusive Hobe Sound.

II

Virtually within spitting distance of this glamorous civilization, conditions reminiscent of the Old West are to be found. The combined saloon and dance-hall appears in the guise of wild jook joints. Because Florida, to the bewilderment and grief of motorists, still enjoys an open range, cattle rustlings and cowboy shootings persist in pristine glory. Even the atmosphere of ghost towns is available, with vast areas of developments that didn't develop, all modern improvements laid in at the expense of bondholders. If you dig down far enough under the encroaching jungle, you may discover sidewalks that have never been walked on.

Most of the labyrinth of the Ten Thousand Islands has never been charted, and in these mangrove swamps a collection of desperadoes and murderers are said to live — so effectively put away that the authorities can't and don't bother them. The frontier bad-man method of dealing with reformers is used in the city of Tampa. In this city the Cuban numbers game, Bolita, is a racket estimated at $2,000,000 a year. To protect that and other rackets, the political machine has been known openly to transport repeater voters in trucks from poll to poll. When Tampa politicos don't want any question raised about the honesty of elections, opponents are simply murdered. That was the fate of Joseph Shoemaker, beaten to death in 1935. Six of the eleven men indicted for this crime were Tampa policemen; all were acquitted.

"The Miami area does not present a very wholesome picture," J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, said last December. That was when he descended upon the Magic City with a force of thirty sleuths, to clear it of racketeers and civic corruption. Mr. Hoover was under-

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estimating the case. Miami has found, to the chagrin of its decent citizens, that it cannot be a humming winter resort without attracting an annual flock of gangsters and without opening itself up to civic graft.

The Federal invasion involves charges that Chicago hoodlums have moved in to take over the gambling, rackets, and prostitution business on the basis of a deal with Miami politicians to prevent impolite police interference. Seven Miami Beach policemen have been found to have criminal records. Mention is also made of reports that high State and municipal officials of both Illinois and New Jersey open winter headquarters in Miami, with local interests and connections. Attempts have even been made by one set of crooks to use a Miami court to shake down other crooks by means of legal trickery. All this somehow fits neatly into the fact that the Magic City determines the number of its tourists each season by the amount of garbage collected.

If left to its own quizzical devices not only by the Yankees but by its own State government, Miami could probably conduct its gambling, racketeering, and prostitution decorously enough to avoid the necessity of calling in the FBI. But here Miami runs smack into a fantastic political division of the State. It all dates back to 1885, when the State Constitution was drawn up. Because North Florida was then settled while South Florida was largely a wilderness, senatorial districts and counties in North Florida were made small and in South Florida large and sprawling. The result is that today North Florida, with a static population about equal to South Florida's fast-growing population, outvotes South Florida in both houses of the State legislature by more than two to one. The top half runs the State, in its own interests.

Because of this, and especially because of the projected plan to dig a ship canal across the middle of the State, the lower half would like to secede from the rest of the Commonwealth, but the North Florida boys merely howl in merriment when this is mentioned. They won't even permit South Florida to carry on its intimate underworld life without climbing through the window for a chunk of the loot. They grab the tax receipts from Miami's racetracks and distribute them among the counties according to population. They decide when the bookie joints shall be open and when closed, and how much undercover gambling shall be allowed

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each season. The process of deciding is always tense. It was so tense at the beginning of the present season that night club proprietors were offering entertainers what was termed "if money" — big salaries to be paid if the Miami gambling lid was off, small salaries if the lid was on.

The present governor, the aged and querulous Frederick Cone, last fall inexplicably pardoned two convicted big-time Miami racketeers but overlooked the convicted small-time Madame of a Miami bawdy house. It is not polite in Florida to inquire why the magnificent gambling casino of Colonel E. R. Bradley in Palm Beach has operated for years without molestation except for one brief, mistaken period. About the only thing the Florida boys haven't been able to make stick was the legalizing of slot-machines. This lasted only one year. When children were to be seen lined up ten deep in front of the one-armed bandits, clutching nickels in their hot little palms, those in control finally had to listen to protests.

III

Despite the corruption and the gew-gaws, however, Florida is settling into a period of robust youth and may even achieve maturity. It has begun to overcome some of the vices of its early adolescent years. The worst of the barbarously gaudy architecture nurtured by the boom has been swept away by hurricanes and improved taste. Its kaleidoscopic colors have been happily mellowed and faded by the sun. The State spent eleven million dollars in the fine work of draining the Everglades, only to have forty million dollars' worth of irreplaceable peat land burn up last year. Now the water is being put back again.

Florida newspapers may no longer be printing record-breaking editions such as the seven and one-half pound 504-page boom edition of the Miami *Daily News*, but neither do they any longer concur in the jailing of a Northern news association correspondent on the charge of "drunkenness" when a hurricane is impending. They face their big blows now, and report them, having decided that facts are far less harmful than whisperings. Popcorn, hot-dog, and souvenir stands have been established near the German freighter chased into Port Everglades by the British Navy. But what community could resist such a splendid tourist exhibit? Florida can only be regarded as adding to the gaiety of the nation

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in being the only State to legalize cockfighting. The 1938 parades of the Ku Klux Klan in Jacksonville, Lakeland, Miami, and St. Petersburg were taken seriously only by their participants.

Florida now guards its businessmen with a sharp and jealous eye. It is no longer possible to walk in and use your hat for a real estate office. You must have a license, and you must be virtually a pioneer settler in order to get one. It is, in fact, next to impossible for an outsider to get a job of any kind in the State. Florida has become a pretty tightly closed shop for the natives. The story of one family of outsiders which came to make a living is told in this excerpt from a recent issue of the Miami *Herald:*

> We found a place to live, a made-over garage in somebody's backyard for which we pay $30 a month, $15 in summer. My husband makes $18 compared to $35 in Buffalo. We are eating oleo instead of butter. I do our washing in the bathtub. Some "Miami-spirited" neighbors informed us that we cannot drive our car with New York license plates because my husband is working down here. "We support our schools with that money," they say. My mistake! I thought they were run by the $8 a month tuition we pay for our kids. Now we park our car in the backyard. Land of sunshine! Isn't it great to be in Miami! Stay through May! — if you can survive.

The editor's comment on this was succinct: "There is still Buffalo."

Only investors in the present and future, and spending tourists are welcome. And they come. Fifty new hotels are built in Miami every year on a rigid schedule. Last year it slipped way down to forty-nine. Retired old folks come, mostly. Florida is for them. They are for Florida. There are more people living on borrowed time in Florida than in any other section of the earth; in St. Petersburg, ramps are placed at the curbs so they can skitter down them instead of having to step. There are so many oldsters in the State that because finally they must die, the undertaking business has developed into one of the most booming, with luxuriously-appointed emporiums.

When all is said and done, Florida possesses one thing you can't get around and which Floridians can't quite spoil. That is its winter climate. It may be too hot in summer, though a race of Americans is becoming conditioned to life in the monotony of sizzling tropical days. In winter, however, the balmy days, the surf bathing, the sensuous nights . . . but see the advertisements for yourself. The joke is that they tell the truth. Barring such rare freaks as the recent big freeze, the winter climate can't be beaten, and this exhibit alone is worth the price of admission.

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▶ *The greatest fortifications ever built are different in decisive respects*

SIEGFRIED LINE *vs.* MAGINOT LINE

By Fritz Sternberg

In his New Year's message to the German people, Adolf Hitler promised that "Germany's struggle will be decided in 1940." Yet two systems of gargantuan fortifications, Germany's Westwall or Siegfried Line and France's Maginot Line, block a decision on the Western front. The military conjuncture created by these colossi of defense and attack dominates the strategy of the opposing High Commands and has determined the course and the pace of the war so far.

The layman vaguely imagines that these fortifications resemble, or at least approximate, the ancient Chinese Wall — two elongated above-ground fortresses. Traveling across the walls from France into Germany or vice versa, however, he would see nothing of the kind. He would see peaceful pastures, wheatfields, and forests. The "walls" are underground, their superstructures carefully camouflaged to conceal them from reconnoitering aircraft or artillery observers. As each individual section of these fortifications was completed, it was covered with dense woods and thick bushes. Camouflaging has become one of the most important branches of military engineering. One of the world's foremost authorities on fortifications, General Ludwig of Germany, has written that "today the forester is among the most important assistants of the fortress builder."

So far as camouflage is concerned the Westwall and Maginot Line resemble each other. *But in nearly every other respect they are different.* An understanding of this fact, and of the contrasting strategic principles represented by these differences, is essential to an understanding of the whole picture. Indeed, even non-military factors such as the morale of the fighting forces enter into an appreciation of the relative values of the French and the German fortifications.

The main portions of the Westwall were built rather hastily, in 1938, when Hitler took the sudden decision and ordered the fortification of his western frontier. (It was, of course, another violation of the

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Versailles treaty.) Dr. Fritz Todt, the German Inspector General of Public Works and designer of the famous Nazi automobile roads, was placed in charge of the entire project, with the Reich's best military engineers and architects assisting. Skilled technicians were lifted from their jobs and assigned to this work. Labor was drafted from all over the country; battalions of the Compulsory Labor Service arrived to handle the dirty work. By early 1938, tens of thousands were digging in shifts; work continued late into the night in the glare of huge searchlights.

Owing to the pressure of time, no elaborate forts of conservative design were constructed. The Westwall became instead an intricate network composed of an immense number of blockhouses, concrete dugouts, covered machine-gun nests, underground gun emplacements, seemingly endless tank traps and ingeniously concealed land mines. Individual sections of the system were connected by subterranean corridors and even tunnels in which run miniature trolleys. The arsenals, depots and barracks were all tucked underground, their approaches camouflaged to enable the shipping of fresh supplies to any part of the system without detection by the enemy.

Aside from the somewhat too spectacular tank obstacles which fence in Western Germany like the cogs of a gigantic wheel, no detail of this huge system of fortifications betrays its purpose. Blockhouses look like innocent barns; lookouts are fitted into treetops; the entire Warndt Forest, west of Saarbruecken, is one huge machine-gun nest under the cover of ancient trees. Pictures and descriptions have revealed that every achievement of modern engineering was exploited to the full. They show comfortable casemates equipped with electricity, running water, central heat, elevators. But these are insignificant details from a military viewpoint. The really important feature of the Westwall — the feature that distinguishes it from the opposing Maginot Line — has not been conveyed by the photographs and verbal descriptions.

It is this: instead of running in a straight line from north to south in one single zone of defense, it has a three-dimensional collocation extending as deep as thirty to fifty miles into what used to be peaceful German pastures. It is subdivided into *three independent battle zones.* The first line is called by the Germans *Vorfeldzone*, forward field zone; the second is called *Grosskampfzone*, main battle zone; the

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third line is named *Rückwärtige Zone*, rear zone. This subdivision enhances the Westwall's elasticity in combat and relieves the pressure of enemy attack. In addition, aside from being a virtually impregnable defensive position, the Westwall is an efficient base for huge attacking operations. Its dual character represents the greatest potential menace to the combined British and French forces.

II

The Maginot Line is of an entirely different design. Originally it was constructed to serve two purposes: to protect the French heavy industrial regions of Briey and Lorraine which the Germans occupied during the first few months of the last World War; and to detain the German armies until general mobilization is concluded behind the safety belt of fortifications. It was thought of primarily as a "dam" against the Germans. Its construction started long before Hitler's rise to power. Since no immediate danger of a German attack on France then existed, its completion was not considered urgent. It was built in a more or less peaceful atmosphere at a leisurely pace during some ten years.

This leisurely pace of its building influenced the whole design. In its original form the Maginot Line was an overdimensioned replica of the huge wartime fort of Verdun, extending all along the Franco-German frontier in one unbroken line of defense. The troops that entered it through one of the many camouflaged entrances, usually hewn into hillsides, found themselves in an underground world providing the petty bourgeois amenities of a provincial French city. Even the biggest guns were operated by electric switches and fresh supplies of munitions arrived upon the pressure of a button. Despite these scientific comforts and marvels, the Maginot Line had one great disadvantage. It was a comparatively *static belt* devoid of the extension-in-depth and elasticity of the Siegfried system.

Rapid improvement of offensive weapons like the tank brought penetration through the fixed Maginot Line dangerously near the realm of possibilities. In the wake of a purely mechanical development, the French General Staff began to extend their defensive system, stretching it not only toward the Swiss and Belgian frontiers, but toward the interior. These limited improvements seemed to satisfy French military quarters. As late as June 20, 1939, the French

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War Ministry announced through the Press that it was "satisfied that in design, depth and strength the Maginot Line was incomparably more effective than the German Siegfried Position." Despite the French extensions, however, the contrast remains in essence: on the Nazi side a deep and flexible system, *growing stronger as it moves deeper into German territory;* on the other side a rigid, fortress-like "dam," strongest at the point closest to the enemy.

These structural differences grew out of the different theories advocated by the German and the French General Staffs. The German theory, of which the Westwall is a physical expression, rested on plans laid down by General Erich von Ludendorff during the World War. In 1916, General Ludendorff faced the problem of counteracting the increasing superiority of the Allies in war materials, especially artillery and munitions. He presented his solution to the German High Command in a confidential memorandum entitled *General Directives Regarding Construction of Fortifications.* His plan revolutionized military science. Experts agree that Ludendorff was the first to destroy the orthodox idea of fortifications, inherited from the medieval French fortress builders. He was the first to adapt forts to modern strategy and to take into consideration the new conditions created by mechanized warfare.

In his introduction, General Ludendorff defined the purpose of modern fortifications as follows:

> Primarily, fortifications serve a defensive purpose. The fundamental principles of defensive fortifications are: conservation of power; diminution of own and increase of enemy losses; utilization of terrain so as to create fighting conditions favorable for our own and unfavorable for enemy troops.

Departing from the old idea of fixed fortifications and scattered fort groups, Ludendorff ordered the building of *flexible fortifications in echelons* consisting of three zones. The first line of defense, directly exposed to enemy action, was only scantily manned. The second or middle line — called by Ludendorff the "main fighting zone" — was more densely garrisoned. The bulk of the forces, however, was kept in a third zone in the rear of the fortifications. After these plans had been realized, German divisions were distributed in certain combat areas according to the following plan:

Forward battle zone	1 unit.
Main fighting zone	1 unit.
Rear zone	4 units.

This was the actual distribution of German troops during the Pas-

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schendale battles of 1917. The new Ludendorff system of fortifications wrought havoc with Allied troops. Between 1916 and 1918, British and French forces made innumerable attacks on what they believed to be the main line of German defense. Often they succeeded in reaching and even capturing the forward battle zone, but they were usually unable to continue their advance beyond this thinly garrisoned and most vulnerable first line. The Germans thus took the edge off the Allies' fighting strength before the real clash took place.

III

During the World War, Ludendorff's memorandum was published in an official booklet and distributed among commanding officers assigned to individual sections of the reconstructed fortifications. Recently it became known that the Allied High Command soon learned its secrets. However, they failed to make head or tail of it — a fact revealed by Captain G. C. Wynne in the October, 1939, issue of the *Army Quarterly*, Britain's most important military periodical. "For this purpose," Captain Wynne writes,

> a mass of captured German documents and a quantity of Intelligence files, which together gave a fairly comprehensive survey of the development of the German defensive battles during 1917, was at the disposal of the British General Staff.

Ludendorff's original memorandum as well as his secret text-book, *Conduct of Defensive Battles*, were also available. These documents were translated and circulated in about 2250 copies among British officers stationed in the battle areas. But, as Captain Wynne reveals, they were completely neglected in General Headquarters "except for the borrowing of a few sentences and those they mostly put in the wrong places."

This neglect had disastrous results for the Allies. The British continued to concentrate their strongest forces in what was their first and main line, instead of adapting their own tactics to Ludendorff's altered strategy. While the Germans suffered insignificant losses during Allied attacks, British and French losses were enormous whenever the Germans attacked or counter-attacked. Captain Wynne quotes from the British official account of the battle of March 21, 1918, when most of the sixty-five British battalions in the defended positions of the forward zone were "overrun in the first rush." On the Allied side, he shows, "the elastic band of the main line of resistance

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had no spring to take it back to normal."

The Allies, preparing for the second World War, failed to make immediate use of the costly experience gained during the first. The *Army Quarterly* is fully aware of this failure; it carried a footnote to Captain Wynne's article:

> This article was written in July, 1939, some weeks before the German-Polish controversy had led to the outbreak of another European war. It would, indeed, be a bad moment to select to start a wholesale criticism of the British doctrines for defense and attack, but the article merely summarizes criticisms which in one form and another have appeared in almost every number of the *Army Quarterly* for the past three years and which, therefore, must by this time be generally recognized. It seems for this reason that nothing but good can come by emphasizing them again at this moment.

This conservatism of the Allies — characteristic of victors — had two effects. First, the Maginot Line was built according to the old system of fixed fortifications. Second, the French General Staff was inclined to underrate the strength and efficiency of the Westwall. General Gamelin, present commander-in-chief of the Allied forces, allegedly said on June 9, 1939: "Germany's new Siegfried Position could be broken through within a week." Captain Wynne warns that Gamelin's remark "resembles the belief of General Nivelle in April, 1917, that the German defense-in-depth about Rheims could be broken through in a few days, but only the forward zone of the Chemin des Dames position was entered after a loss of 100,000 killed in four days."

After the present war started, the French, egged on by English criticism, finally decided to improve their Maginot Line and to adapt it to the Ludendorff strategy. They had time to accomplish this urgent task while Germany was occupied with her campaign against Poland and later, during the unsuccessful peace manoeuvres of the Nazis. This period of comparative calm in the West was utilized by the French for the completion of their general mobilization as well as for further extensions of the Maginot Line. This belated work on their Maginot Line kept them fully occupied and prevented them from undertaking the lightning attack against the Westwall which outsiders expected.

IV

Today the experience gained during the first World War is partly incorporated in the Allied system of defenses, and the military power

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of the two fortifications appears more nearly balanced. Strictly military considerations, however, are not exclusively decisive in modern warfare. It remains to be seen whether the German system of "staggered" fortifications corresponds to the psychological and moral conditions created by the totalitarian regime of Hitler's Third Reich. It is possible that certain moral disadvantages of the Ludendorff system cancel out its military advantages.

General Ludendorff realized the only potential deficiency of his system; therefore he paid special attention to morale, one of the essential factors in fortress war. The first and most vulnerable zone is thinly manned and virtually separated from the High Command and the main body of troops. An exceptionally large psychological as well as military burden therefore rests on the outposts. Ludendorff recognized this when he wrote:

> The power of resistance of isolated soldiers may become impaired by their sensation of forlornness. . . . Each soldier in the forward zone must be imbued with the belief that, even though surrounded from all sides, he facilitates an impending counter-attack and co-operates in his own liberation by simply persevering at his post. Only when pinning his faith on this stolid belief will he be willing to fight as long as he is able to carry arms. . . . For the success of these tactics it is essential that the influence of the command penetrate even the most detached single combat unit.

Ludendorff's theory worked in practice in the first World War. The German people stood united and identified itself with the Kaiser and the government. The mass of Germans could not even envision the removal of the absolutist regime, whether in victory or defeat. Today, on the contrary, no German expects the Hitler regime to survive a defeat. The mental attitude of the troops stationed in the Westwall therefore differs from that of the 1914 conscripts. A selective process can overcome this factor in the crews of airplanes and U-boats; ideologically conditioned men can be chosen. But there can be no such selection in the main body of troops, where the average German, the entire people, are represented.

It is with this mass of indifferent or even ill-disposed troops that the Westwall must be manned, though the spirit of absolute solidarity is essential in fortress war. And the character of the Siegfried and Maginot Lines makes this war essentially a fortress war. The old distinction between field armies and fortress troops has disappeared; on both sides the field armies have become fortress troops on the

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largest possible scale. The weaknesses of dictatorial government are bound to show themselves in the strictly military institutions, including the fortresses of the Westwall. In a protracted war the morale of troops in that area may give out before the military strength is exhausted. In the most forward zone, where the risks are greatest, the sense of aloneness most intense, this factor becomes particularly potent. The new political and psychological facts thus tend to wipe out at least part of the value of the physical advantage of the Siegfried over the Maginot Line.

The fortifications can be broken through, if one or the other side is willing to pay the price. But the probable consequences of such a break would be entirely different for Germany and for the Allies. Let us assume that the Third Reich succeeds in breaking through the Maginot Line or circumventing it by an invasion of Holland, Belgium, or Switzerland. Even such impressive German successes would not necessarily mean the end of the war through the conquest of France. In 1914–18, when German troops advanced within seventy-five miles of Paris, France was not conquered. She lost her most important industrial provinces, yet she won the war. Her military efficiency had been but partly impaired since she was able to obtain fresh supplies from Britain and the United States. And today France would be in a fair position to continue the war with good chances for victory even after a successful German attack on the Maginot Line.

Penetration of the Westwall, however, would sound the death knell of the German High Command. About one half of the German industries, and practically the entire coal, iron and steel industries are but fifty to 150 miles behind the Westwall, exposed to enemy forces in the event of a French success. Since Germany cannot conduct a war without the resources of the Rhineland and Westphalia, and since she has no substantial sources of industrial supply but her own, it may be said that the Third Reich stands or falls with its ingenious system of fortifications.

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TINTYPE OF A SCREWBALL

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

On last summer's hottest morning, the following telegram was received at the White House:

> Washington dispatches say you will wangle your appropriation for the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park. Yet you still overlook my six years' effort for an International Pipe Organ Pumper Memorial. Is this a fair shake for my non-essential organization? When replying, please refer to File CZ-2348 — I for Ida, O for Ocean.
>
> Chet Shafer

This inquiry revived an old controversy between the President of the United States and the President of the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers. FDR began turning down the Pumper Project in 1933. In 1937, when he opposed the $500,000 Will Rogers Memorial, Chet Shafer wrote him, lauding that measure and again suggesting the Guild Monument. This suggestion was also vetoed, as the Director of the Budget solemnly informed the Grand Diapason of the Guild. "Now," Mr. Shafer confides, "I've asked Congressmen-Pumpers Dewey Short and Paul Shafer to introduce a bill for a loan of $1.98 from Mr. Roosevelt's latest loan-fund, to start work on the Guild Project." Rumor says a White House lieutenant complained: "Shafer's the biggest screwball alive."

Chet has Hoosier roots and a Wolverine environment. His stock is Pennsylvania Dutch; his old Aunt Violy lives on the Susquehanna. Chet hadn't shed short pants when the family moved from his native Elkhart, Indiana, to Three Rivers, Michigan. After high school and a term at Michigan University, he went from job to job everywhere. When America entered the World War, he organized a hospital unit and got it to the Metz Sector, where the news of the Armistice stopped him. The outfit had started for the front with an equipment of one axe and a bottle of first-aid alcohol; a check-up revealed only the axe remaining.

After the War Chet wanted to show that he could make a living writing in the most competitive market. So he headed for New York with a single idea, in 8000

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words: during Dad Shafer's term as Sunday School superintendent for the Three Rivers First Presbyterian Church, Chet had pumped its organ. Since then, motors had displaced this manual art. Yet there must be legions of men alive who had once sweated over it. Chet wrote an inspired panegyric of *The Pipe Organ Pumper*, concluding with the announcement that he had already organized a Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers. It was non-sectarian, non-partisan, non-profit-earning, and non-essential. It would "perpetuate memories of an honorable, though obsolete, profession." Its officers were titled after the organ-stops, from Grand Diapason to Tibia Plena. Local branches would be known as "Lofts." The uniform was Sunday Clothes. "Annual" conventions would be held as often as Chet chose to convene them. The *Saturday Evening Post* bought the piece by telegraph, and received more letters about the Pumpers than it had ever received about any non-controversial article.

Guild-membership applications piled up on Chet from everywhere. Catholic priests, Methodist ministers, organ builders like E. M. Skinner, financiers, Senators, judges, railroad executives. Will Hays, Lowell Thomas, Edgar Guest, James Couzens, Ben Ames Williams, former Vice-President Dawes, Tony Sarg, Julius Rosenwald, Ambassador Myron Herrick. From Maine to Oregon; from New Zealand, Belgium and Ireland; from the French Chamber of Deputies and St. Paul's, London. Within a few months, Chet issued the Guild's First Annual Report and Consolidated Balance Sheet for the Fiscal Year:

> Important activity centred around the tentative listing of the Guild's hand-lettered diploma, for trading on the N. Y. Curb. Considerable interest in this security was manifested; brokers commented favorably on the possibilities of a broad upward movement marketwise, with excellent prospects for an enhancement of values. . . . But greater work must be done. Victory must perch on our standards, if we have any. The Guild don't mean anything — every member should be proud of it.

II

Chet had arrived. He was News for the papers. Magazines competed for his by-line. Book publishers called at his boarding house. So he packed his suitcase and returned to Three Rivers. "Sure," he told his gasping adulators. "Didn't I come here to prove I could make good in the Big Town? And haven't I proved it?"

Three Rivers has a population of

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6000, maybe 7000; there are five wards, but the cemetery forms the fifth. Its leading industries are a paper factory, a machine shop, a strawberry-plant farm, and the City News Bureau. The City News Bureau is Chet, "located over the Wittenberg boys' newsstand" and sending items to papers in the surrounding section of essential America. Chet owns neither calendar nor clock. If anybody wants to telephone him, the exchange girls call the Wittenbergs; the Wittenbergs pound on the common water pipe; Chet descends. The Bureau "has yet to publicize anybody who thinks he amounts to anything." It records only small town happenings:

> THREE RIVERS, Feb. 22 — Max Houghtaling, who puts up the ice for Mrs. Dunning who owns the icehouse up on Hoffman Pond, has finished putting up the ice for this season. Max says the ice he put up this winter is not quite so thick as the ice he has put up before in the seven or eight years he has been putting up ice for Mrs. Dunning, but it's a lot cleaner.

Success? "I married," says Chet. "Got a home on a mortgage in '34. Got it all paid for. It has the only *porte-cochère* in town and a pedal-pump organ." He thinks we ought to keep out of another World War: "Those European countries made their own headaches; let 'em make their own aspirin." Picture him entering his fifties a contented man, nondescript of figure, lean of face. Long nose, mousetrap mouth. Check suits, plaid ties, ancient shoes, felt hats older than John Barrymore's oldest.

Still, Chet has never stopped pumping the heart of the Pumpers' Guild. Allergic to goldfish, he has decreed a special section of the Guild for their protection. Its proving-grounds, where fish of known and tested morality may be purchased, is located, he says, eight miles either east or west of his residence: "It boasts six tubular-drained testing-tanks, and its happy denizens average a monthly 27.2 increase in prolificacy."

As a boy, he envied the local rich man's display of wealth in the form of cast-iron animals disporting on a languid lawn. As a man, Chet decided that the Pumpers should make an effort to salvage "the mid-Victorian menagerie of cast-iron lawn fauna." With all his prestige as the Guild's Grand Diapason, he worked wonders in behalf of this ferrous fauna. The organization met the junk dealers with demands for a closed season and the placing of a cast-iron pigeon on the peak of every house (that had a peak) in the USA. Five miles either "north or south" of Three Rivers, near the old Allie Schwartz place, you may

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now find an Impounding Preserve containing 18,000 long tons of the harmless ironsides, all free from spavin and ringbone. Clarence Budington Kelland is Honorary Taxidermist. A certified veterinarian remains on duty night and day, to guard against the hoof-and-mouth disease.

In January 1929, the Pumpers' Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth Annual Meeting was held at Keen's Chop House, New York, when it was enacted that "whatever action is suggested, none will be taken," and when Major Edward R. Ridley was empowered, as cashier, "personally to insure the annual deficit." Some twelve months later came, at the same place, the Tenth Annual Meeting, with 150 members present; no pipe-organ being available, the music was provided by mouth-organs.

In 1933, the Grand Diapason drew up a new wage-scale for pumpers:

> This calls for an abolition of the standard 1896 scale of One Dollar a week, with board, and substitution of a rate of Two Dollars a Sunday without board, but with Thirty Cents extra for choir-practice. An additional 10 cts is proposed in instances when it is necessary to take the organist home. . . . Unfair competition making for technological unemployment should be eliminated.

The year 1935 was distinguished by the appointment of Chicago architect Victor A. Matheson to the post of Official Pipe Transposer, because "at the age of 13, serving as a pumper, he revenged his dismissal by penetrating into the interior of a pipe organ at Evanston, Ill., transposing eight pipes and wrecking one full choir-practice." Affidavits from E. W. Davidson and Vincent Shinkle, of New York, proved that, albeit accidentally, each of these pumpers had set fire to a hall. They were commissioned to supervise the Guild's Arson and Incendiary Squad.

The Fourth Annual Fiduciary Report and Full Fashion Review (1936) welcomed the admission of Admiral Byrd. Noting the arrests of certain pumpers, it announced that "the Guild's increase in number of members who have joined its exclusive Penal Colony has been maintained." The thirty-first session of the Executive Sales Conference, at Chicago, proposed raising the value of Big Casino from two to three points. Boston set the stage for last year's General Convocation, which put on the shortest parade in history — 127 ft., 6 in.

Membership has long since passed the thousand mark. In the

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past summer, one month's mail included vital correspondence with Senator Vandenberg and applications from a college head in Missouri and an ex-pumper of the State Church at Pfortzheim, Baden. Says Chet:

> I made these boys all officers — though I forget just what. The rule is that anybody can have a title, but each man must remember his own.

And now the Grand Diapason is busy at plans for the next session of the Committee of the Whole, this winter, in New York:

> Our Geodetic Committee is making measurements for a parade out one door of the Gotham and in the other, has applied to the Police Commissioner for a permit and a motorcycle escort over the entire route. . . . The Convocation will then debate the proposal of Tack Hardwick, former Harvard and All-American footballer, for releasing an 11-lb. cast-iron pigeon from the World Fair Trylon's top and having Grover Whalen catch it in his silk hat — preferably while he is wearing the hat.

A screwball? Our war-scared Congress may fail to grant an appropriation for the Pipe Organ Pumper Memorial at this session. But there will certainly dawn a day when Three Rivers dedicates a monument in its market place. And the monument will be to Chet Shafer.

VILLAGE MODERATOR

By H. M. Allison

Haughtily he rules the meeting
With his beechen gavel beating;
O'er his timorous townsmen peering
Arrogant and domineering.

Chilling with censorious glances
Those who'd rise to speak their fancies;
Toppling down each brash marauder
With a bluff "You're out of order!"

Man of poise and self-possession
Stifling popular expression;
Wide-eyed moppets, watching pray
To grow up like him some day.

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MENACE OF THE UNINSURED MOTORIST

By Ferdinand Lundberg

In numbers killed and injured, the American automobile is as effective a death-dealing machine as any bomber, and its victims have little more redress than people shot down in an air raid. The facts of automobile accident cases show that the victim of an uninsured driver has only one chance in four of receiving any compensation from the person who owns the car, one chance in fifteen of having the total damage made good. Add to this the fact that seven out of every ten automobile owners in the United States carry no accident liability insurance (17,500,000 out of an approximate 25,000,000 passenger car owners) and you have something that may be said to constitute a first-class social problem.

A Committee to Study Compensation for Automobile Accidents investigated, over a period of four years, your chances and mine of being repaid for our losses when injured by a motorist. The figures were made public in 1932, but the situation has shown no improvement since then. On the basis of 8849 cases carefully followed through, the Committee found the following percentages of victims receiving any compensation at all:

	Per cent receiving compensation from	
	Insured Drivers	Uninsured Drivers
Temporary disability	86	27
Permanent disability	96	21
Fatal cases.....	88	17

Moreover, the amounts received by the victim or his family seldom satisfactorily cover the actual loss. Crowded court calendars, deliberate delays, the gradual disappearance of witnesses, the pressing need for money to defray hospital and funeral costs — all these conspire to make a settlement favoring the side that can afford to wait. How nearly compensation, when received, covers the losses sustained appears in the following figures, based on studies by the same Committee in states ranging all the way from Massachusetts with 100 per cent insured, to Indiana, with 15 per cent:

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	Per cent in which losses fully covered	
	Insured Drivers	Uninsured Drivers
Temporary disability	69	11
Permanent disability	63	5
Fatal cases.....	77	7

"In 165 fatal cases," a member of the Committee writes, "insurance companies paid an average of $1400 each to meet medical and funeral expenses averaging $570; while in 129 other fatal cases uninsured motorists paid an average of $80 each to meet losses averaging $600." The study also showed that in general "the permanently disabled receive least in proportion to their losses."

The toll exacted by automobile accidents in 1938 was 32,400 deaths, 1,150,000 injuries, and $750,000,000 property damage. In 1937, the toll was estimated at $1,660,000,000 — half in loss of life and costs of injuries, the other half in property damage. The estimated cost to each of 28,000,000 motorists [1] was therefore about $60. A negligible number pay that, or slightly more, in insurance. Who makes up the difference? The public. As citizen taxpayers we share with every uncompensated family its losses in absence from work and lowered living standards. We share the losses of landlords and storekeepers. We pay for the charity patients in municipal hospitals, for burials at public expense. These are the indirect costs, apart from the billion to a billion-and-a-half direct loss caused each year.

Obviously the problem of compensation should be dealt with on a national basis, but there cannot be a national policy for protecting the driver's victim until we have a national policy covering the driver himself. Only recently have there been as many as 45 jurisdictions (44 states and the District of Columbia) requiring operator's licenses to drive a motor vehicle. Illinois' compulsory law became effective only on May 1, 1939. Louisiana, South Dakota, and Wyoming still do not require a license to drive an automobile. Neither road test nor any other examination to determine fitness to drive is demanded in seven states, and in eight others an examination is optional with state officials or required only under certain conditions. Only 35 states and the District of Columbia make an examination mandatory preceding the issuance of a license.

All of which means that the country is overrun with drivers who have learned to drive on slower, antedated vehicles; have never taken out a driver's license; or have never taken a road test or

[1] Figure includes public and commercial vehicles as well as passenger cars.

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other examination. How many of these are illiterate and cannot read road signs? How many are color blind, or do not know a blind intersection from a z-curve? How many are not in complete control of all their faculties, have epilepsy or some other abnormality?

There is no minimum age requirement for motor vehicle operators in Ohio. The lowest minimum fixed by law is 14 years, and is in effect in five states. Seven have a 15-year minimum, twenty-five have a 16-year, and two have a 17-year minimum. In only eight states and the District of Columbia is the minimum 18 years. But many of the states themselves connive at reducing these minima by issuing Junior permits to drivers 14, 15, and 16 years old. Granting Junior permits — to operate only during daylight hours — might be defended if the youths possessing them were restricted to a certain area for their operations, such as a desert. But the Junior permit is indefensible in the face of statistics which show that drivers between the ages of 16 and 20 drive "less than one-fifth as far per fatal accident" as drivers between 45 and 50. Only one single requirement is made of all motorists in all states, and that is that their cars carry registration plates.

II

It isn't that insurance is difficult to obtain or is expensive. Insurance companies, in a drive to reach the uninsured seven out of ten, have brought rates down to an all-time low. Premiums in 1939 were down 14 per cent from 1938 and 20 per cent from 1937. According to the National Bureau of Casualty & Surety Underwriters, whose 36 members, together with the mutual companies in the American Mutual Alliance, constitute the leading bloc in the automobile insurance field, the average annual premium rate for liability insurance in the United States, as of October 1, 1939, was: bodily injury, $25.12 (up to $5000 for injury to one person; up to $10,000 for injury to two or more persons in one accident); property damage, $7.55 (up to $5000). A few independent companies may even offer the same coverage for less. But the figure for any very large community like New York City is higher.

Introduction of a new $1000 policy has brought insurance within reach of almost every car owner, and protects the insured up to the limit of $1000 either for bodily injury or property damage, or up to $1000 for combined injury *and* property damage. The premium

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rate on the $1000 policy is, on the average, 28 per cent lower than the standard limits policy described above.

Effective since February 1939, the Safe Driver Award provides that an insured owner who has not had an accident in the previous year will receive a reward of 15 per cent of his annual premium, except in the few states that condemn the award as a "rebate" and therefore illegal. Effective since April 1939, a Class A driver, one who does not use his car for business purposes, is entitled to a 20 per cent discount (10 per cent in New York). If, in addition, he has not driven more than 7500 miles in the past year, intends driving no more than that in the coming year, and guarantees that no more than two adults in his household, both 25 years or older, shall drive the car, he gets a Class A1 rating which entitles him to another 5 per cent discount, making 25 per cent in all (15 per cent in New York). This does not affect his receiving a Safe Driver Award for having had no accident the previous year.

The experience of member companies in the National Bureau of Casualty & Surety Underwriters shows that many of the drivers who have accidents are repeaters. The incidence of accidents among repeaters appears in the records of 29,531 Connecticut drivers, selected at random, for the years 1931–36. Together, they had 7082 *reported* accidents, distributed as follows: 23,881 had no accidents; 4,503 had one accident; 1,147 had 2 to 7 each. In this last group are the drivers whom motor vehicle authorities call "accident-prone" and let it go at that. No attempt has been made to segregate such operators, although simple reason would dictate that they be subjected to clinical examination, compelled to take out insurance, or prevented from operating a car. Repeaters run up the premium rates for safe drivers, thus discouraging insurance and sharpening the menace under discussion here.

Those in every community who ought particularly to carry liability insurance are, of course, the least likely to insure. These are the people who buy only "junkers," popularly known as "jalopies," costing from $25 to $100, and those who buy cars "on time," because they can manage the $25 a month payments and nothing more. On October 31, 1938, there were in use an estimated 5,175,399 "junkers." Of these 3,178,524 were 1928 or earlier models. The purchasers of these cars at second,

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third, fourth, and fifth hand are not likely to be reasoned into taking out insurance, no matter what the inducements. Nor are most of the marginal instalment buyers. In an attempt to make such car owners financially responsible for future accidents, New Hampshire in 1937 passed a law requiring deposit of an insurance policy before a driver who did not own his car outright could get his registration plates. Under pressure from a number of sources the statute was later declared "unconstitutional."

III

In every state, every year, proposals for making accident insurance compulsory are brought before the legislatures and, in most instances, die there. It is likely, furthermore, that all attempts by individual states to alter the status quo will meet the same fate at the hands of those whose business it is to get more cars on the market, and who fear, therefore, that stringent insurance laws might cut down sales. Great Britain in 1930 presented the opposition with a *fait accompli* when it passed the Road Traffic Act of that year, making it "unlawful — under penalty of a fine up to £50 or imprisonment up to three months, and subject to the court's discretion, disqualification for a year to obtain a license — to use or permit another person to use an automobile unless there is in force an insurance policy in respect of the third party risks specified in the Act." To the united protests of insurance companies, motor car makers and owners, a government spokesman replied, "On the balance, we decided that we would face the difficulties and deal with an intolerable injustice which ought not to be allowed to exist."

In this country the government compels all trucking companies operating in interstate commerce to insure their fleets. But thus far, states' rights have prevented our treating passenger cars as anything but privately owned toys. Since it will obviously be impossible to persuade every motor-car owner in the country to insure voluntarily, a means must be found, in the interests of the nation as a whole, to guarantee a decent measure of compensation to the hundreds of thousands whom automobile accidents kill and maim every year in the United States. Three courses are possible: Compulsory insurance, now in effect only in Massachusetts; a National Financial Responsibility Law of the type now in force in 32 states and the Dis-

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trict of Columbia; an Accident Compensation Law modeled on the Workmen's Compensation Act, not yet tried anywhere.

The Massachusetts law, which went into effect January 1, 1927, provides that every motor vehicle operator, before receiving his registration plates, must file with the Registrar a Certificate which may be either a motor vehicle liability bond, or a motor vehicle liability policy, issued by an insurance company licensed to do business in the Commonwealth. In place of bond or policy, the car owner may deposit $5000 in cash, or securities valued at $5000. The statutory policy does not protect "guest occupants" of the car; the possibility of collusion between "guest" and owner to create an accident was regarded as too great a temptation to fraud. As for the charges that compulsory insurance in Massachusetts encouraged wild driving, increased the number of accident cases, fostered fraudulent claims, and upped the cost of insurance, there seems to be as much expert evidence one way as the other. Opponents will tell you that insurance rates in Massachusetts increased 51.5 per cent from 1926 to 1936. But during the years 1927 through 1935 rates rose 79.2 per cent in California, 7.2 per cent in Ohio, 71.7 per cent in Virginia, 21.6 per cent in Pennsylvania, 34.4 per cent in Connecticut, and 61.5 per cent in New Jersey. Clearly, variations in the movement of rates are due to a multitude of local factors, of which insurance laws are only one.

Enough flaws have been found in the Massachusetts Compulsory Insurance Law to justify, in its opponents' eyes, rejection of the whole idea. Actually, the Law is open to challenge mainly on the right the Commonwealth has assumed of fixing premium rates, and thereby making them the object of political maneuvering. Great Britain, which enforced compulsory insurance three years after Massachusetts, put the insurance companies on probation. They still fix the premium rates, and the complaints of the motorists "are not too vociferous."

The Financial Responsibility Law, despite its relatively wide acceptance, is the weakest possible solution, short of none, since it "gives the mad dog one bite." The operator of a motor vehicle is not required to file proof of financial responsibility until *after* his first accident. Only New Hampshire's law operates retroactively, to make a motorist financially responsible for his *past* accident.

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Recommendations of the Automobile Association of America resulted in 1937 in the formulation of a model statute that would include these three features: requirement of proof of financial responsibility following conviction of violating certain motor vehicle laws; requirement of proof of financial responsibility following non-payment of motor vehicle accident judgments; suspension of right to operate an automobile until judgment is satisfied. Actually, a state is conceded to have a Financial Responsibility Law if it enforces only one of these three requirements.

At best, the law can only *require* filing of proof; it cannot compel it. Failure to file is punishable by revocation of the license to drive; but in Vermont, from 1927 to 1935, of 15,381 persons required to file proof, 8724 did, 5603 did not, and the rest were unaccounted for.

An Accident Compensation Law, recommended in the 1932 report of the Committee to Study Compensation for Automobile Accidents, was again brought up for inclusion in the deliberations of the New York State Constitutional Convention in 1938. But at a public hearing of the Judiciary Committee consideration of the plan was successfully fought by the New York State Bar Association, the New York State Grange, the Association of Casualty & Surety Executives, and the New York State Automobile Association.

Automobile accident compensation, modeled on workmen's compensation, has had, nevertheless, high lay and judicial sanction. Yet it appears to be the most cumbersome solution, and the one most fraught with difficulties, not the least of which involves treating the driver and his accident victim as an employer-employee relationship. But where the plan is distinctly ahead of any other is in its removal of accident cases from the courts to a Board such as functions in workmen's compensation cases. As a *majority* of cases now on the court dockets involve the automobile, the creation of such a Board would have the additional merit of breaking the long deplored judicial ice-jam.

The transfer of accident cases from crowded court dockets to a Board set up expressly to decide them would at once remove what is the most commonly expressed objection to compulsory insurance in the only state where it exists. Adoption of an Accident Board in principle need not, however, commit one to acceptance at the present time of the state compensation plan. State Automobile Accident

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Compensation Laws may well be the ultimate solution to the problem of providing just recompense for the victim of automobile accidents. The immediate task, however, is to find the most expedient solution, and the one which, on the basis of known experience, seems the most likely to work. Financial Responsibility Laws can be dismissed as useless in the present situation.

The motorists of the United States, like those of Great Britain, must be made financially responsible for the injury and death they may inflict, and not after their first accident. Their financial responsibility must be operative everywhere, at all times; it must, in short, be guaranteed nationally.

If we are to achieve the maximum protection for the public at large with the minimum burden on courts and the community in general, we shall have to adopt, sooner or later, legislation embodying these provisions: requirement to file proof of financial responsibility, as in Massachusetts, before issuance of automobile registration plates; establishment of premium rates by the insurance companies, subject, as in Great Britain, to supervision by a state body, possibly the ICC, the FTC, or the Public Utilities Commission; Administration of automobile accident cases by a Board made up, as proposed in New Hampshire, of the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles, the State Insurance Commissioner, and an Assistant Attorney General, assisted by a body of referees.

This would presuppose adoption of a recommendation long urged by the Automobile Association of America, enforcing uniform motor vehicle licensing laws, making an examination, road test and operator's license mandatory in all states. In addition, all motor vehicles to undergo compulsory inspection twice yearly, as in New Jersey, and all dealers in used cars to be required, as in New York, to furnish a guarantee with every used car sold, the period of guarantee to be extended to six months.

When drivers, too many of them irresponsible, are allowed to tear around the country in "death-dealing machines," under no compulsion whatever to compensate their victims, the situation obviously demands public attention and action. "If you drink, don't drive!" is a sound slogan. But what is needed, in addition, is a slogan in terms of law: "If you don't insure, you can't drive!"

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MUSSOLINI GROWS OLD

By Frederic Sondern, Jr.

The most unpardonable journalistic crime in Rome is to write about Mussolini's age, mention the fact that he is a grandfather, describe any indisposition he may have, or allude to any sign of his increasing years. Breaches of the rule send him into tantrums. *Time* magazine caused a shower of sparks in the Palazzo Venezia recently by mentioning his stomach ulcers and eyeglasses.

It is not vanity so much as fear that makes *Il Duce del Fascismo* so angry — fear that he will not much longer be able to hold the reins and exert the absolute power which has always been the consuming ambition of his life. A short time ago, an old friend of the Duce had an appointment with him at the Palazzo Venezia. Mussolini was a few minutes late returning from a visit elsewhere, and, stickler for promptness that he is, came bounding up the stairs two steps at a time. He was out of breath, but in rare good humor, he panted, "Must be getting old. We peasants age rapidly, you know." A moment later, he apparently realized what he had said. He scowled and shifted impatiently during the conversation that followed, paying little attention. Finally he burst out, "I hate old age, you know. The inaction, muddled thoughts, slow reactions. I loathe old people. Never have them around me. I'd rather be dead than old."

Outwardly Mussolini has not changed very much during the past few years. At fifty-seven, the lines in his face are somewhat heavier, but the quick, springy step that he uses in public is still as elastic, the magnificent posture which always makes him seem taller than his five feet six inches is still as erect, his salute as snappy and untiring as ever. And his speeches have the same clipped, precise cogency that they always had.

In private, the change has been gradual. He still "jumps out of bed like Napoleon" at about six o'clock in the morning after a sound, seven-hour sleep. Insomnia is rare with him. He "shuts off his worries," he says, "like closing a sluice-gate."

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After rubbing himself down with cold water and shaving, he drinks camomile tea and goes riding in the gardens of his Villa Torlonia.

But the pace of his horsemanship is not what it was, and he no longer takes those phenomenal jumps. His doctor has tactfully warned against the strain. Mussolini has also had to stop the mad motorcycle dashes on the Ostia road which he enjoyed so much, and his hair-raising skiing swoops in winter on the slopes of Monte Terminillo. His schedule at the Palazzo Venezia remains about the same. He arrives at nine, stays until two, goes home for lunch, has a nap, returns about four, and works until eight. But he takes his work much easier than he used to. He receives only the most important visitors. Few diplomats, no newspapermen except his personal mouthpiece Virginio Gayda, and only a handful of prominent foreigners have been admitted to the presence during the last year. Even Jim Farley was turned away. And his favorite remark to his own Ministers is a snapping, "Get on with it. Don't waste my time."

The real change has come in the Duce's mind. Not many, even in Rome, know what staggering blows Mussolini's ambitions, plans and pride have taken from the "wild man of the North," Adolf Hitler. Since Italy reached her zenith with the conquest of Ethiopia and Rome went wild when, on May 9, 1936, the Duce shouted his proclamation of the Empire to packed thousands in the Piazza Venezia, Mussolini has skidded rapidly from the position of world power which he thought was finally within reach. And to Mussolini, who has lived by the precepts of Julius Caesar and the lessons of Napoleon, that is a soul-searing realization. He was fooled — he knows that now — and allowed his chances for real greatness to be taken from under his nose by a man whom he has always contemptuously disliked and of whom he said at their first meeting: "That man's face is a disgrace to Europe."

When the dictators met for the first time in June, 1934, at Venice, Mussolini was not impressed with his colleague. Besides criticizing his face, he found Hitler a weak, disorderly, undisciplined dreamer. A French journalist who knew the Duce well warned him. "Why," said Mussolini, "don't you French make your peace with Hitler?" "Because we don't trust him," answered the Frenchman. "*Eh bien!*" replied the Duce, "I have confidence in him. And I can handle him."

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Mussolini's confidence was even stronger when he went to Germany in September, 1937. Hitler had been an obedient servant. During the darkest days of the Ethiopian crisis, even when war with Great Britain threatened over the League's sanctions, Berlin had performed at the Duce's command. When, on Chancellor Dollfuss' assassination, Italian troops rushed to the Brenner, Hitler dropped his *Putsch* against Austria like a hot coal and went scuttling for safety. And now the Führer was turning Germany inside out to give his master an imperial welcome. Mussolini saw the vast Krupp armament works, the airplane factories, and the strength of the German army. This was almost too good to be true, he told his son-in-law, Ciano. With Hitler a willing henchman, backed by this power, Mussolini's fascism could dominate Europe tomorrow. Intoxicated by these visions of power, the dictators talked it over. Germany was to have Austria and colonies; Italy a Mediterranean empire. The Balkans would be divided between them in two spheres of influence. The pact was sealed with a handshake, and when the dictators entered the Olympic Stadium in Berlin on the last night of the celebrations to make their final speeches, they both had the look of triumphant Caesars. At last Mussolini felt that a real *Imperium Romanum* was in his grasp. "Great and fateful days for Italy are ahead," he shouted.

II

The Führer, however, took precipitate payment for services to be rendered. In March, 1938, his columns rolled into Vienna. The Duce knew it was coming, but not so soon. He agreed, twenty-four hours before Hitler struck, only because he had to. After the *Putsch* was over, a telegram arrived from Berlin: "Mussolini, I will never forget what you have done." One of Mussolini's own satraps suggested to a circle of friends that the Duce should wire back, "Neither will I."

When the Führer rumbled into Czechoslovakia in September, 1938, the Duce saw the handwriting on the wall. Knowing that complete control of the former republic would mean domination of the Balkans, he tried his best at Munich to save at least a buffer State strong enough to retard the Nazi march to the Black Sea. Chamberlain and Daladier gave way to Hitler so easily, however, that there was no chance of doing so

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without provoking Hitler's undying hatred. Back in Rome, Mussolini and Ciano went into a huddle. If France and Britain had knuckled under so easily to Germany, they would do the same for Italy. Hitler would now be bound to help, in exchange for past favors. A telephone call to Berlin confirmed this. And on November 30, the Chamber of Fasces and Corporations in Rome suddenly re-echoed with shouts of "Tunisia!" "Corsica!" "Djibouti!" — a "spontaneous demonstration of the Italian people." And in the Mediterranean, the Italian Fleet began concentrating.

Breathlessly from the Palazzo Venezia and the Palazzo Chigi, Mussolini and Ciano watched and waited for Hitler's opening lines. The cue had been given. And then came one of the biggest double-crosses in modern European history. The German press fluttered mildly — yes, wasn't it a shame that Italy was so maltreated? In London and Paris, the German Ambassadors were more definite. No, they knew absolutely nothing about Mussolini's claims. No, Hitler had no intention of giving active support to Italy. In Paris, Daladier and Bonnet first heaved sighs of relief, then filled their lungs for a bellowed "No!" in the Chamber of Deputies. Mussolini's Mediterranean empire came crashing down in a cloud of dust. And for four days, in Rome, he would see no one.

He has salvaged as much as he could from the wreckage. The Axis remained in theory. To have given it up would have been to lose all bargaining power against England and France. But the German trade and military "missions" gradually disappeared. Once more, the Duce tried to influence Hitler. Convinced that war with Poland would bring in England and France and start a European conflagration, he sent Ciano to Berchtesgaden to warn the Führer, and to tell him that Italy would not stand by him. When Ciano returned to Rome with Hitler's shriek of "You ass! You son of an ass!" still ringing in his ears, Mussolini realized that the game was up, and said so. The Axis had crumbled to nothing, and with it his dreams of empire. For "whoever wins this war," as a high official who parrots his master's opinions commented to us recently in Rome, "will not treat Italy well."

Mussolini's mistakes have cost him more than his dreams. They have cost him much of the dictator's most essential possession: prestige at home. Every morning,

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a few minutes after nine, a chubby little man with a double chin patters past the two saluting guards at the doorway of the Palazzo Venezia, climbs the stairs to the first floor, brushes by be-tasseled ushers, walks quickly — unannounced — into the Duce's room, and sits down in the chair facing his desk. It is Arturo Bocchini, chief of the secret police, the OVRA, Mussolini's closest adviser and probably the second most powerful man in Italy. Bocchini got his job in 1926, after Mussolini had escaped assassination for the fourth time in a year. "Am I the head of a government," raged the dictator, "or am I just a walking target for the bullets of madmen and gangsters?" He summoned the obscure little police chief of the remote village of Genes, who had impressed him with his ability some years before.

It seemed a crazy appointment. But within a year Bocchini had reformed the Italian police and even cleaned some of the criminally opportunistic elements out of the Fascist Party. Even such powerful men as Augusto Turati, Secretary of the Fascist Party, fell under the axe and were banished to the dreaded Lipari Islands, the Fascist political concentration camp. Since then, Bocchini has nipped every political intrigue in the bud. His tentacles reach into every stratum of Italian society. The gossip of the aristocratic tea table and the opinion of the dock workers in Genoa alike are laid — digested and precisely ordered — before the Duce every morning. Bocchini has an amazing memory and can reel off his report without notes, to Mussolini's delight.

During the past two years Arturo Bocchini has brought his master the story of increasing discontent. Abyssinia, in terms of coffee and the promised raw materials, gold and other riches, has been a great disappointment. There is now no coffee in Italy, and the Italians love to sit over their *espresso*. The campaign in Spain was very unpopular. Home-coming troops spread the stories of the routs at Guadalajara and the execrable Italian generalship. The cost in men and money seemed absolutely unjustifiable to the Italian people. And above all — the Axis. After Mussolini's first visit to Berlin, stories began to circulate. The Italians are much more frank in their conversation than the Germans dare to be. "Mussolini makes history, but Hitler makes geography" was one of the pet cracks in Rome. And when hated Nazi satraps began

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visiting the capital to "advise" the government, even high Fascist officials began saying, "Yes, it used to be nice in *Mussolini's* day."

Things like that rattle the Duce. He has no sense of humor to fall back on — he hates jokes, particularly about himself — and above all, he has no friends. Always misanthropic, he has become even more reserved recently. Even men like Dino Grandi and Italo Balbo, who have been with him since the beginning of his career, complain that he treats them as nothing more than useful assistants. He often makes them stand in his presence. "When they stand," he has sometimes announced, "people don't gabble so much, and you can get rid of them quicker." When he was still a newspaper editor in Milan, he used to have a sign on his door: "Who comes in does me honor. Who does not come in gives me pleasure." That rule still applies.

III

Mussolini finds no relaxation in society. Parties bore him. The Roman social world — which is stupid and very dissolute — he loathes. He often gets very angry with Edda and her husband for "sitting around in the bars with those lazy, good-for-nothing loafers," and is proud of the fact that he has never set foot inside the door of a Roman aristocrat. For the local intelligentsia he also has profound contempt.

There is always much gossip in Rome about his love affairs. He has a very powerful appeal for women, can be extraordinarily gracious and courtly if one appeals to him, and for years went from one amour to the next with great rapidity. But all were treated essentially as playthings. They were never allowed to look into his political, and rarely into his personal thoughts. "A woman," he has frequently said, "is like a parenthesis in a sentence. Take out the brackets, and the meaning remains unchanged."

In his own home he is well taken care of. The Donna Rachele, who has never quite been able to realize that she is the wife of the greatest man in Italy, follows him around with a slavish devotion. She knows and cares about nothing except the children and the household. He has tried to educate her, never succeeded, and has now given it up. She dislikes servants and refuses to have more than absolutely necessary. The Villa Torlonia has ten bedrooms, three big living rooms, a dining room, a

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library and various smaller apartments, but five servants is all that the Donna Rachele will allow. "I like to take care of Benito myself," is one of the few statements that she has ever made. The Duce worships his younger children — Romano and Anna Maria. Anna Maria almost died of spinal meningitis a few years ago. Mussolini was like a man gone mad. He dropped all work and spent whole days at the child's bedside. Some weeks later, when she was recovering, he came to open the new building of the Foreign Correspondents' Association. The newspapermen had chipped in and bought a big doll, which the president of the association presented to the Duce with a few simple words, for Anna Maria. Mussolini couldn't think of anything to say. He held the doll in his arms, hugged it like a real child, and the tears started to his eyes. Swallowing a couple of times, he turned to Alfieri — the Minister of Propaganda — and whispered in a choked voice, "You say something. I can't." And turned toward the window while he tried to control his heaving shoulders. All in the room were veteran newspapermen, but there was hardly a dry cheek.

But even in the family happiness of the Villa Torlonia, there is no one to whom he can talk on his own level. And so he has had no cushion against the blows from across the Brenner, the blows which have shattered his ambitions. And he has no dynasty. "I think," he told Emil Ludwig, "that there will not be a second Duce; or that if he appears on the scene, Italy would not put up with him." And with that realization, he is relaxing. Formerly he was never content to issue a decree from the Palazzo Venezia without pages of detailed instructions to the Ministries concerned for its execution. "I am the only really efficient man in Italy," he once said, perhaps rightly. Of late, he has been deputing more and more authority to Ciano, Grandi, Balbo, and his other satraps. And Italy feels the slackening from one end to the other. Generals complain that they are having difficulty getting army supplies for the conflict in the Balkans which they consider inevitable. Italian diplomats abroad miss the crisp, regular instructions that always guided them. Some very competent observers in Rome think that Mussolini is just holding his hand until he sees the way to jump. But many who are close to *Il Duce del Fascismo* think otherwise — that Caesar is growing old.

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▶ *Daytime radio specializes in dime-novel horror and heroism, pathos and bathos*

"BE SURE TO LISTEN IN!"

By Whitfield Cook

I HAVE always thought I was fairly familiar with the material the radio broadcasters let loose on the country. I have been pleased by the astuteness and generosity of organizations which enabled me to hear such topnotch items as Toscanini, Alfred Wallenstein, the Town Meeting of the Air, Information Please, and Gracie Allen.

But I was wrong. I had a sound enough acquaintance with evening and Sunday programs, but I knew nothing of what National, Mutual, and Columbia were up to during the average day. I had no idea that my favorite radio stations were two-faced; that at night, and particularly on Sunday, they dressed in good taste, while six days a week they were ordinary and incredibly dull. Now I know all. I have heard the worst. For I have listened for ten consecutive daylight hours to life's sorrows according to the gospel of Bi-So-Dol, Pillsbury, Camay, and Kix. And let me tell you, it almost got me down!

This all started because I rashly promised a radio-actor friend that if I ever wanted a laugh I'd listen in to his program. One day I wanted a laugh; and that led to my first amazement. I heard my friend portraying the finest, most upstanding, wisdom-spouting young lover it has ever been my misfortune to encounter. He was not a character; he was the audible embodiment of ancient tear-jerking sentimentality. This, I said to myself, is something strange to be coming from one of my favorite stations. I have run into poor writing before, and I can recognize bad acting, and usually there is some semblance of sincerity about them. But this is a horse of a different color. It is deliberately phoney — out of Louisa M. Alcott by Horatio Alger. And it is presented five days a week, every week.

I investigated and discovered there are no less than sixty five-day-a-week serials on the daytime programs of the four major stations in the New York area. Then I knew I'd have to listen to those sixty serials. They use up eighty-two and a half hours per week — almost

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a third of the total number of day-time hours of WEAF, WOR, WJZ, and WABC. Which is a lot of time. During an average week, only about eighteen day-time hours are devoted to serious music, for instance, and perhaps twenty-five hours to news. Does the modern housewife, busy with her electric gadgets, crave these orgies with Life as — forgive the word — entertainment? If so, I'll take a girl of an older vintage.

On the day I joined the listening housewives, I started out gaily with "Life Can Be Beautiful" over WOR at 8:15 e.s.t. The day apparently was beginning auspiciously, for "Life Can Be Beautiful" seemed to be a real hit; it was the only air serial programmed on three of the four major networks. Over the waves came a rush of organ music, and then a carefully solemn voice announced that "there are many ways to show others and discover for yourself that Life Can Be Beautiful." Then we listeners were told that we were about to hear "an inspired message of faith, drawn from life, brought to you by Ivory." It seemed decent of Ivory. There followed approximately eleven minutes of dialog involving a law suit, a crippled lawyer, and a group of pleasant but definitely uninspiring people. I somehow failed to get the message of faith.

At 8:45 came "The Goldbergs," one of the few sketches with any attempt at true characterization. Though overloaded with emotion, it also had some touches of honest humor, which was singularly lacking in almost all the others. At the end, there was struck that strangely ominous note which was to occur so often during the day's programs. We were told, in an almost threatening tone, to be sure to listen in to the next episode, because "the apartment across the hall has a strange and terrible story to tell!"

Soon there began a barrage of dramatic serials. On WABC they came fast and furious. If you were inclined to stick by WABC through thick and thin — the sentiment gets pretty thick and your patience wears awfully thin — you could hear, from "Bachelor's Children" at 9:45 A.M. to "Society Girl" at 3:15 P.M., five and one-half solid hours of deathbed scenes, narrow escapes, lovers' quarrels, cutie-cute children, dire misfortune, and ten-twent-thirt moralizing, interrupted only by ten minutes of Lanny Ross and a quarter hour of Kate Smith.

At ten WEAF presented "The Man I Married, the living story of a woman's love!" "This," announced a voice called Evelyn, "is the man I

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married!" "Evelyn," warned the announcer in gloomy tones, "the man you married may be heading for a lot of trouble with his new recreation center!" I was at once intrigued. What could be more dramatic than a woman married to a man with a troublesome recreation center? But the sketch let me down. It was just about the old problem of the working wife. "John's Other Wife" at 10:15 was "the story of young, beautiful Elizabeth Perry, married to handsome, thirty-five-year-old John Perry, who somehow is always too attractive to another girl." In this episode, Elizabeth triumphed over "a beautiful, unscrupulous consulting decorator."

II

Now it was 10:30, and I was choosing between WEAF's "Just Plain Bill, the real-life story of people just like the people we all know," sponsored by Kolynos toothpaste, and WABC's "Hilltop House," sponsored by Palmolive. I chose the latter and found myself in at the death of a nervous wreck, while his wife confessed to an adultery she had never committed. After that it was good to hear that to be really clean and healthy you should "give yourself a Palmolive facial."

This was followed by Colgate's presentation of "the real life story, Stepmother." The insistence on the true-to-life angle was noticeable. The majority of the serials claim to be "true life stories," "drawn from life," or "about real, live people." I can understand why they are afraid there might be some doubt. "Real life" as interpreted by "Stepmother" consisted of a loving father and an understanding stepmother trying to rescue their small boy from the clutches of a murderous old woman and an evil butler. They were confounded by sliding walls and secret passages, and when we left the boy he was locked in a lightless dungeon in which water had slowly risen to the level of his shoulders. Fine old Poe stuff. But if it's "real life," Columbia Broadcasting and I are great horned owls.

In "The Story of Mary Marlin" (Ivory being good to us again) there was much sweetness and unmitigated charm, and an unbearable three-year-old child, whose daddy had amnesia in China and was in the hands of Chinese bandits. In Bab-O's "David Harum," there was David Harum — all you could carry. Haley's M-D for hyperacidity of the stomach gave us "Young Widder Brown." This presented a discussion by some people who simply couldn't understand

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why Millie Baxter, the blind mountain girl who was bitten by a rattlesnake, didn't want to live. It was full of fine dialog like, "Oh, goodness gracious, that doorbell startled me. I'll see who it is." Finally there was an automobile accident in which a woman supposedly confined to a sanitarium was injured.

It was along about then that I began to be aware of a morbid trend towards physical misfortune. And by the end of the day I found that I had encountered among the principal characters of the serials one mad woman, one nervous wreck, four invalids, one victim of amnesia, two blind men, one blind girl bitten by a rattlesnake, one inmate of a sanitarium, one crippled lawyer, one boy injured in a fall from a horse, one dying woman, one woman undergoing a major operation, one sick baby, and one man with a face injury. It's too bad they couldn't all have appeared in one sketch.

Next Camay offered "The Road of Life," and Ovaltine dashed in with "The Carters of Elm Street, the living record of a mother's courage." "The dawn will come," says Ovaltine, "brilliant and brave, to prove that all things happen for the best!" This one at least has the novelty of a truly villainous grandmother. Like a wolf in an animated cartoon, she stops at her daughter's gate, sneers, and as she sees her sweet little grandson toddling towards her, snarls into the microphone, "I suppose I have to be nice and grandmotherly to that sticky little brat." I could understand her point after getting a load of the sweet little grandson, who sounded like a Southern debutante with a bad case of arrested development.

A little later came two charming WABC girls, "Helen Trent, who, when life mocks her, fights back to prove what so many women want to know, that romance can begin at thirty-five!" and "Our Gal Sunday." The latter tells the story of an orphan girl named Sunday who in childhood was left on the doorstep of two miners in a little Colorado mining town and who in young womanhood married "England's richest, most handsome lord." "Can this poor girl from a little mining town in the West find happiness as the wife of a titled Englishman?" Sunday, on this particular day, was doing fine. She was bravely rescuing a frightened little tot who had stolen a ruby and fallen onto a mountain ledge.

Suddenly "The Goldbergs," "Life Can Be Beautiful," and "The Road of Life" popped up all over again on different stations. Then came a whole series of sketches showing

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various heroes and heroines, filled with the most beautiful motives, managing other people's lives. The Personal Finance Company showed a couple of daughters managing their father's life in "Doc Barclay's Daughters"; and in "Betty and Bob" (Kix) those two hyper-friendly people were trying to solve the problems of blind Dr. Carleton. And, at the end of each, those pessimistic announcers again: "Will they have a good time? Or will Doc Barclay be faced with problems past the scope of his small town experience in the exotic atmosphere of the millionaires' playground?" "Will Bill Carleton want to go on living, even for Ellen Churchill, living in eternal darkness?"

Small town politics and civic problems begin to creep in. In "Your Family and Mine" a newspaper editor in High Falls is fighting a corrupt administration. "Can he possibly survive? Will the whole Wilbur family suffer when and if this election is lost? Why not make our strawberry ice cream pie your week-end special?"

III

On and on they went. Every day, Monday through Friday, WEAF has to get twenty-seven of these archaic items off its chest, and WABC has twenty-four. WOR and WJZ are less burdened. In fact, WOR shows admirable restraint in presenting only five five-day serials. Through the long mid-afternoon, while I itched to listen in on Rep. Dies' denunciations or Mr. Damrosch, Swansdown Flour, Bisquik, Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, Mazola (the salad oil of character), and Procter and Gamble kept me drugged with the insidious fascinations of "Valiant Lady," "My Son and I, a story of unending devotion and undefeatable courage, dedicated to mothers everywhere," "Orphans of Divorce," "Society Girl, the story of Brinda Clark Barrington, 1940's glamor girl," "Ma Perkins," "The Guiding Light," and "Backstage Wife, the story of a simple girl from Iowa who married Larry Noble, handsome actor, and was drawn into the backstage life of the theatre."

The heroines continued to be simple, upright and ready to give advice at the drop of a hat. And Life continued to hand them raw deals. They were always brave, of course. I began to long for just *one* little miss who might suspect that rain was rain and not violets. And why was there so little humor in these sentimental capsules? Whenever any light comedy was at-

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tempted to relieve the gloom, it sounded like second-rate Noel Coward re-written by Kathleen Norris. Always life was real and life was earnest. About as real and earnest as it used to be in dime novels.

The day was almost done. In the last lap between 4 and 6, things got pretty darned emotional. There was "Midstream, the story of a man and woman who have reached the half-way point in their journey across the river of life" and "Girl Alone, the fascinating story of great riches and the girl who has them, of the search for happiness which is every woman's right but which no woman can have without love!" Then suddenly "Jack Armstrong, the All-American boy," "Little Orphan Annie," and "Tom Mix" were upon me, and I realized it was the children's hour. Children's hour, indeed! Hadn't the whole day been one long children's hour!

At the stroke of six, I switched off the radio. I had grave doubts that I'd ever be able to think straight again.

Will the listener recover from this terrific strain? Can he go on with his life after this terrible revelation? Will he ever be the same again? Is the great big radio audience happy? Is Bab-O happy? And Ivory? And Crisco, Super Suds, and Kix? And what do the children learn from it all? And the ghost of Marconi?

Be sure to listen in each week day. And see your psychiatrist twice a year!

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By Louise Crenshaw Ray

From poverty
I fashioned wealth,
In gnawing pain
I wrote of health.

My very lack
Became a store
To borrow from
And not deplore.

With courage
For accompanist,
I sang the beauty
I had missed.

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You were wise

Have you been wise

THAT life insurance policy you so wisely bought—*have you ever taken the time to read it, carefully, from beginning to end?*

Do you know all the privileges, all the benefits and options, it offers—not only to you, but to those for whom you bought the insurance?

▶ These are things you *ought* to know—for the provisions in your policy are of the utmost importance. From a practical point of view, the time it takes to read and understand them could not be better spent!

To be sure, when you read your policy, you may wonder why it contains so many different provisions, and why it is written in language that is so exact and detailed. There are several reasons for this...

1. In addition to the major provisions for payment of a stated amount of money under the terms of the contract, a life insurance policy affords the policyholder many benefits and options. In order to make these provisions as clear as possible, each of them is set forth in detail, for...

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enough to buy it . . .

enough to read it?

a. The company wants you, as a policyholder, to be thoroughly informed about the privileges to which you are entitled, so that you may avail yourself of them if occasion arises, and . . .

b. By taking pains to define your rights in terms that are unmistakable, the company seeks to protect both you and your beneficiaries from any interpretation of the policy which would be contrary to the intentions you and the company had when the policy was issued.

2. There are laws in many states which require that certain provisions be included in every policy, in order to define the duties and obligations of the company to the policyholder, as well as the privileges and options available to the policyholder.

▶ If your policy happens to have been issued by Metropolitan, at least ten of the provisions you will find in it are required by law . . . provisions, for example, such as the one making the policy incontestable after a specified period, the one setting forth your right to cash and loan values, the one explaining the various optional modes of settlement, and the one stating your right to participate in the company's annual divisible surplus.

It is true that your policy contains many provisions. But if it did not, you might well be justified in complaining that you were not fully informed as to your rights as a policyholder.

▶ *We urge you to read your entire policy, carefully.* Then, if there is anything in it you do not understand, by all means speak to your agent or his manager—or write to the company itself for a full explanation. For Metropolitan not only desires that its policyholders clearly understand how their company operates, but wants you to be thoroughly informed as to your rights and privileges set forth in your policy.

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This is Number 23 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. In this advertisement the provisions referred to as required by law, are particularly those contained in Ordinary policies. However, whether you own an Ordinary or Industrial policy, it is to your advantage to read it carefully. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

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PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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WE INVITED OUR ALIENS

By S. K. Padover

One of the most widespread myths in this country is that the United States has been from the beginning a "refuge for the oppressed of the nations of the Old World." The quoted words are taken from a well-known textbook and imply, as do most schoolbooks, that the United States has let in immigrants out of sheer goodness of heart. "Great hordes of immigrants," as the historians phrase it with subtle contempt, were permitted to come in and share in the riches of America because Uncle Sam was kind and generous. The myth has it that the homeless of the world were knocking at the golden gates imploring shelter and were generously allowed to enter. A great portion of America's development is thus presented as a continuous act of charity, in which the incoming millions from other countries have been beneficiaries of a self-sacrificing national philanthropy.

Such a picture is not merely false but curiously insulting to the memory of the millions of men and women whose labor built up the United States. The truth is that America was shaped by immigrants and the children of immigrants. Their labor and their talents are cemented into the foundations of our industrial and cultural structures. Without the immigrant there would have been no United States, but only rocks, trees, fields, rivers, and perhaps also Indians. The United States, in the final analysis, is essentially what the brawn and the brain of generations of immigrants, utilizing superb natural resources, have made it.

"Remember always that all of us, and you and I especially, are descended from immigrants and revolutionists," President Roosevelt reminded the Daughters of the American Revolution in an address in April, 1938. He might have added that these immigrants did not come to the American banquet uninvited. They didn't crash the gates. Vast numbers, indeed, were practically lured in — by worldwide propaganda, high-powered American recruiting agents abroad,

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and extravagant promises. Significantly, immigration was restricted just as soon as the labor power of the "hordes" could be dispensed with and has been reduced almost to the vanishing point since the World War. It was at no time a question of favor on the part of the one or altruism on the part of the other. The immigrant and the country needed each other. Nothing but sheer, raw man power could transform a vast wilderness into a rich and flourishing empire. Labor-hungry, the United States absorbed the immigrants like a blotter and asked for more.

In 1864 the Senate passed a bill to facilitate immigration. "The advantages which have accrued heretofore from immigration," the Senate report read,

> can scarcely be computed. Such is the labor performed by the thrifty immigrant that he cannot enrich himself without contributing his full quota to the increase of the intrinsic greatness of the United States. This is equally true whether he works at mining, farming, or as a day laborer on one of our railroads.

So great was the demand for immigrants that the Senate actually contemplated offering a bounty to those who would come to this country. In 1868, the year when the Republican Party went on record as favoring immigrants, the House of Representatives reported on a bill to encourage the toiling millions to come in. According to the House report:

> We want people to fill up these States and Territories; we want land cultivated, that wealth and plenty may abound; we want the resources of these agricultural states developed. We desire by the legislation which we propose in relation to emigration, to let the toiling and almost starving millions of foreign lands know, that in America there are free homes, where every citizen, be he native or naturalized, is guaranteed protection in his right to life, liberty, and property.

II

Many States set up Bureaus of Immigration and printed literature about their attractions, riches and advantages. Glowing reports depicting America in lush terms were spread in European countries. Agents traveled throughout Europe and propagandized potential immigrants. The Federal government likewise took a hand in this propaganda. Edward Young, chief of the Bureau of Statistics, in 1871 published a *Special Report on Immigration*, giving data on land, labor and wages, and had it distributed by the thousands in Europe. American business firms purchased thousands of copies of this report and used them as bait to catch immigrants.

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Immigration propaganda promised more than could be fulfilled and there was inevitable suffering and unscrupulous exploitation. A Federal agent, investigating emigration in Italy in 1890, left a vivid picture of the conditions accompanying these mass invitations to America:

> But the agents of the steamship lines, who cover Italy as the locusts covered Egypt, are busy as ever. They paint the charms of big wages in the United States; they often induce the poor peasant to sell his cow and move on to the United States. There is a good deal of emigration that is assisted by rhetoric as well as by logic. The flowers of rhetoric easily woo hunger. . . . In this business the commission money of clouds of emigrant agents is the chief inspiration. The ship would starve without steerage lists; there is a large profit in handling large numbers, and some thousands of drummers for emigrants swarm over Italy.

Thus to America came millions of new types of workers — Italians, Jews, Scandinavians, Slavs, Irish, Germans, even Chinese (to build the Western railroads). In the century between 1820 and 1920 the United States was enriched by the unprecedented number of over 33,000,000 grown human beings. As a result, the population of the country increased more than eleven times in this period, from 9,600,000 in 1820 to over 105,000,000 in 1920. The United States thus became, with the exception of the partly Asiatic Soviet Union, the largest white country on earth. About one-third of our entire population, including Alaska, is today either foreign-born or of foreign-born parentage.

In passing it should be noted that strong currents of group prejudice were stirred up by this mass immigration. The phenomenon of earlier layers of immigrants resenting the later arrivals has been a constant element in the picture. The descendants of former immigrants, and often "Americanized" first-generation aliens, distrusted and feared the economic competition of the new arrivals. Anti-alien speeches in all periods of America's history read curiously like equivalent anti-alien harangues today.

The significant thing about this great American migration of peoples is that, with little investment on the part of the United States, it brought enormous net profits. About 80 per cent of all the immigrants who came here were adults — 65 per cent of them male — between the ages of fourteen and forty-five. The United States, in other words, received tens of millions of able-bodied and healthy workers, full-grown and of varying degrees of skill, without investing a penny in their childhood, their

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education, their training or their health. The whole social cost of raising them from the cradle up was borne by old Europe, which willingly or unwillingly supplied young America with its invaluable human products, free of charge. Immigrants came as ready-made labor and immediately, without costly preparation, began to add to the power and prosperity of their new home.

The contributions of outstanding foreign-born individuals to American economic and cultural growth are fairly well known. It is implicit in such names as those of the Scottish Andrew Carnegie, the Yugoslav Michael Pupin, the Frenchman Dr. Alexis Carrel, the Hungarian Joseph Pulitzer, the Irish Victor Herbert, the Swiss Louis Agassiz, the Polish Leopold Stokowski, the German Carl Schurz, the German-Jewish Dr. Albert Michelson. But it is not generally realized that such men are not exceptions, but that in general the contributions of the foreign-born to the culture of this country have been consistently as high as those of the native-born.

Dr. Dumas Malone of Harvard, the editor of the *Dictionary of American Biography* which contains historic accounts of distinguished Americans in all fields of activity, pointed out that over 12 per cent of all those listed in the *Dictionary* were born outside the United States. This is roughly the percentage of the foreign-born in the general population (10 per cent of the population was foreign-born in 1850, about 13 per cent in 1860, 14 per cent in 1870, 12 per cent in 1910, 10 per cent in 1930). Another reliable index, *Who's Who in America*, the biennial publication which lists living eminent Americans, shows approximately the same tendency. *Who's Who* for 1899, the first year of its publication, listed 10.27 per cent foreign-born Americans of distinction, while the last (1938) edition lists 10.81 per cent of foreign birth — almost exactly the same figure as the foreign-born in the general population.

Today we are a politically united and ethnically heterogeneous people, bound together by a unified economy, a democratic political system, and a gradually integrating cultural tradition. It is this unity and this tradition that are threatened by patrioteers and alien-baiters who, obsessed by the chauvinist notions that have brought so much misery and horror to Europe, forget that in the last analysis we are all immigrants or their descendants.

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▶ *More islands in payment of war debts? They're a liability, author warns*

NO MORE WEST INDIES!

By Tom S. Hyland

The attitude of the average American toward the French and British war debts was once expressed by President Coolidge in laconic comment on a plea for cancellation: "They hired the money, didn't they?" This sentiment is as widely known as it is widespread; therefore it hardly needed the Gallup poll to prove that 66 per cent of the citizenry endorsed Senator Lundeen's ingenious plan to take over French and British Caribbean possessions in lieu of the defaulted payments. But the poll encouraged the Senator to announce the formation of a "Make Europe Pay War Debts Committee" to organize popular support for his Caribbean Crusade. And no sooner had Congress reconvened than he began once more to preach it from the Senate floor. The poll also proved that at least 66 per cent of the American people know nothing whatever about the West Indies.

This idea of annexation is not original with the Senator. It has often been discussed before, and no consideration of tact or common sense will keep it from being brought up again. But a little knowledge might help to prevent its being presented again in the form devised by Senator Lundeen, which amounts to a proposal *that we compensate ourselves for our debtors' default by taking over their liabilities instead of their assets.* To this end it will be helpful to examine the islands of the Caribbean in the strong sunlight of the Tropic of Cancer rather than the scented moonshine of the travel folders or the starless midnight of the Make Europe Pay War Debts Committee. The Antilles, of course, can be viewed as a chain of exotic islands set in a warm blue sea. But they can also be regarded as a chain of problems in human misery, formidable to face and costly to solve. The United States has governed Puerto Rico for forty-two years, and the Virgin Islands for twenty-three years, with such conspicuous failure as to make incredible the recurring demand for more beggared Antilles, the fetid Guianas,

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and miasmal British Honduras.

But let us voyage through these sparkling seas, these blossomy isles where Old Glory, in default of pounds and francs, may flutter in the trade-winds over lands now British or French.

Fearful lest the Navy steal all the glory of the War with Spain, General Nelson A. Miles of the United States Army conquered Puerto Rico in the summer of 1898. At once a swarm of journalists and business men descended upon the island to promote our understanding of the Puerto Ricans and, it was announced, their prosperity. A typical vista of the island's future read as glowingly as an account of sunset in San Juan harbor:

> With the whole United States as a market, the prospects of this garden called Puerto Rico must be admitted to be bright indeed. American business methods are bound to bring results in all directions.
>
> American thrift and industry will develop the agricultural and mineral resources. The little red schoolhouse must bring to the Puerto Ricans that mental training which will enable them to enjoy the blessings of liberty as we understand and cherish it.

"American thrift and industry" had flourished for thirty-two years when Governor Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., described "this garden called Puerto Rico":

> Riding through the hills, I have stopped at farm after farm where lean underfed women and sickly men repeated again and again the same story — little food and no opportunity to get more.
>
> From these hills the people have streamed into the coastal towns, increasing the already severe unemployment there. Housing facilities . . . are woefully inadequate. In some of the poorer quarters I have seen as many as ten housed in a makeshift board room not more than twelve feet square. Of course disease has spread. . . . It is impossible for our Health Department to cope with increasing problems.
>
> I have seen mothers carrying babies who were little skeletons. I have watched in a classroom while thin, pallid, little boys and girls tried to spur their brains into action when their little bodies were underfed. . . .

When President Hoover toured Puerto Rico in 1931, Governor Roosevelt saw to it that troops of brown, ragged, starving waifs were everywhere placed in the foreground of the roadside crowds. But the President, like visiting heads of State from time immemorial, saw very little. He professed himself "well satisfied" with 1,700,000 American citizens chronically unemployed, infected with hookworm and therefore anemic, plagued with five times as much tuberculosis as their fellow-Americans, embittered by years of clumsy "Americanization."

Puerto Rico's woes began not in 1929 with the world-wide depres-

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sion, but in 1898 with severance from Spain. Under Spanish rule coffee was the major crop, subsidized by bounties and cultivated by an army of workers on small holdings. Annexation, with the loss of the Spanish market, ruined the coffee growers. Conversion of wages from pesos to dollars depressed the standard of living, and so did the island's imprisonment within the American tariff stockade. Hungry Puerto Ricans watched their death-rate rise from 24.6 per 1000 in 1897 under the cruel Spanish yoke, to 36.7 in 1901.

Americans assembled small farms into plantations and planted sugar cane in rice-fields and grazing-lands, destroying Puerto Rico's agricultural self-sufficiency and tying its welfare to the giddy price of sugar. The death rate has since fluctuated inversely with the price of sugar, rising 25 per cent after the World War, when sugar dropped from 20.5 to four cents a pound.

But even prosperity for sugar has not meant prosperity for Puerto Rico. A fictitious trade-balance is often conjured up by counting the money which pours into Puerto Rican plantations and mills and ignoring the same money as it flows back to America as dividends, interest, and rent. Puerto Rico's major curse is absentee ownership. But it is not the only curse. There are almost no industries to absorb the population which the monopolists have excluded from access to the land. And this population — 450 persons per square mile, as compared with forty-two in the United States — is one of the densest on earth. Small wonder that when the sweatshop, recognized in the United States as a menace to both worker and consumer, moved in upon Puerto Rico's Spanish heritage of fine needlework, it was welcomed as salvation by government, business, and the unemployed. In 1935, 54 per cent of workers, most of them men with families, received ten cents an hour or less. Although sympathetic with Puerto Rico's problems, the present governor, Admiral William D. Leahy, has recognized that the Wages and Hours Law has done more harm than good and that the island should be exempted from its standards. Puerto Rico must remain America's sweatshop or starve.

On Palm Sunday, 1937, in revenge for the assassination of the island's police chief, Colonel Riggs, Ponce police fired upon an unarmed but unlicensed parade of Puerto Rican Nationalists. Twenty paraders were killed and a hundred wounded. This bloodshed drama-

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tized a conflict in which years of American misrule and exploitation have involved the whole island. The Palm Sunday riot inspired the Tydings Bill in the United States Senate, providing for a plebiscite in which Puerto Ricans might choose between American domination and full independence — that is, abandonment by the United States following ruin by our political and business methods. The bill died, but the implicit admission of the failure of American administration remained.

A fairer, more humane solution of Puerto Rico's problems is now under way. The millions of dollars which have flowed into the pockets of a few Americans are now flowing back to the island out of that collective pocket of all Americans, the Federal Treasury. With an initial appropriation of $42,000,000 the Puerto Rico Reconstruction Administration has set about feeding, resettling, housing, and doctoring these impoverished people.

Hydro-electric plants, sugar cooperatives, cement manufacturing, and other industries are being planned and financed by the Federal government in an attempt to restore to the Puerto Ricans that slight measure of contentment and economic balance which was theirs before Americans lifted from their necks the cruel yoke of Spain.

And now, with a last farewell to quaint old El Morro fortress, we say goodbye to Puerto Rico, island of enchantment.

II

The Danes had been trying for fifty years to sell a staggering Caribbean liability when, in 1917, the United States paid $25,000,000 for the Virgin Islands, chiefly to forestall their acquisition as a German naval base through purchase or through conquest of Denmark. "The commercial value of the islands cannot be doubted," reported Secretary Lansing to Congress. "The political importance of extending American jurisdiction over the islands is not to be overlooked. The Caribbean is within the peculiar sphere of influence of the United States. . . ." The National Bank of Commerce celebrated the new business opportunities offered by the islands; and as Old Glory was raised over the Lesser Antilles for the first time, the nation was proud of what were called Uncle Sam's New Eaglets.

Eaglets they have remained, their beaks helplessly gaping for nourishment. Lansing's confident "commercial value"—a litany of cotton, sugar, fruits, rum, and ship-

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ping services — proved to be a ludicrous delusion. The effects of economic union with the United States were, as in Puerto Rico's case, adverse. A shipping supply business which had flourished in the days of sail dwindled to almost nothing. Foreign ships which had used the Danish ports now sought the Dutch islands near by. Use of oil instead of coal, of electric cranes instead of black shoulders threw hundreds of dock workers out of jobs. Fickle rainfall and fickle prices blighted sugar production. Island thickets are full of rusting kettles and crumbling masonry, relics of a sugar industry which has not really prospered since slavery. Half of the barren Virgins' food must be imported.

The dry Mr. Hoover's visit to the islands in 1931 coincided with America's surge toward Repeal, inspiring the myth that Prohibition had ruined the Virgins by blotting up their rum industry. The truth is that, switching from barkeeper's to barber's rum, the Virgin Islands exported 138,000 gallons of rum in 1931 as against only 15,000 gallons in 1910. Even so, Mr. Hoover found the islands "a poorhouse."

Since the Virgins are only a hand-grenade's throw from Puerto Rico, the Naval Station at St. Thomas was withdrawn in 1931, prostrating the economically feeble islands. The Department of the Interior succeeded the ineffectual Navy Department as administrator, with Paul M. Pearson, a former Chautauqua leader, as the first civil governor. He and his idealistic, inexperienced staff brought thirty trunks full of old Chautauqua costumes to the islands; and soon the hungry natives were organized in rhythm bands and putting on Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

In 1934 Washington saw that Chautauqua was not enough; either the people must be supported forever or the islands' meager resources must be developed by Federal action. After a futile attempt to persuade private capital to develop bankrupt mills and plantations, the Virgin Islands Company was established with $1,000,000 of PWA money, amid shrill howls of "socialism" from the local gentry.

The Virgin Islands Company sells everything from crushed rock to "Government House Rum," and a Department of Interior specialist has been at work devising cocktail recipes to increase consumption of the latter. The FERA, CCC, RFC, Federal Housing Commission, Subsistence Homesteads Corporation, Federal Surplus Relief Corporation have poured money into the islands, where it has been

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received with incredible surliness. Natives resettled on homesteads are uniformly too shiftless to succeed; natives not resettled are jealous of those who are. Many refuse to return to the soil, preferring to remain in the towns on relief. Angry, ignorant mobs have shouted that Relief Commissioners were holding back food.

In 1880 the population of the Virgin Islands was double that of 1940. Its black natives have migrated in thousands to Harlem, so that relief costs in latitude 18° N show only part of the grief which the United States bought in 1917. Never was $25,000,000 more foolishly spent; never have relief millions been more deservedly appropriated or more churlishly received.

But blue horizons beckon! Reluctantly we bid adieu to our American Capri, the Virgins, isles of romance and tropic glamor.

III

Fewer than half of the Virgin Islands are American; the rest are British, and there the destitute natives watch in amazement the New Deal money pouring into the neighboring islands and the clamorous spite with which it is received. For over a century the British have considered their West Indies more of a burden than a treasure.

Barbados, with 1120 persons living in squalor on each square mile, derives a slender income from sugar. Tourists are impressed by beautiful beaches and resorts — and by the swarms of black "guides" and beggars who must be beaten or bribed to go away. Unfavorable trade-balances have been made up by higher taxes on the natives and a decline in their standard of living. Forced to improve conditions among their workers, the big estates use more machinery and less labor; and conditions become worse. Riots, provoked by widespread misery, are not uncommon.

Trinidad, where Hindus and Chinese nearly outnumber the Negroes, has been the scene of increasing despondency and unrest in its oil-fields and plantations. This island produces exportable oil, which is almost unique within the Empire, for that of Borneo and Burma is largely consumed locally. Trinidad is thus one of the most valuable bits of the Empire and at the same time one of its sorriest problems. Armed with razor-edged machetes from the cane-fields, black, brown, and yellow rioters in recent years have alarmed Parliament in London with their out-

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bursts against unrelieved poverty, intolerable housing, and the absence of effort toward reform on the part of employers or government. In prosperous years business has been unwilling to relieve the misery of the people; in bad years it has been unable. The great asphalt lake which all tourists visit is by legend inexhaustible; but its supervisors predict that it will be exhausted within twenty-five years, a boding of further industrial stagnation.

Tobago was prostrated and officially bankrupt as long ago as 1897. Large, crater-pocked Dominica has sterile soil, sparsely cultivated, with here and there a huddle of wretched African huts. Antigua boasts a lovely green-watered harbor in which over $1,200,000 has been dissolved in vain attempts to dredge its treacherous sands. On St. Kitts the people dwell impoverished amid the rusting ruins of an eighteenth century sugar industry.

Thus it is with all the islands — the Virgins and Puerto Rico repeat themselves all the way from Haiti down to Venezuela.

Jamaica, with over 1,000,000 Negroes, is Britain's largest Caribbean vexation. Bloody strikes and riots have even brought cruisers to Kingston harbor; and after extensive street-fighting on Empire Day, May 24, 1938, seventy labor leaders were jailed. These outbreaks, like those in Barbados and Trinidad, are symptomatic of intolerable misery among a gentle and naturally carefree people. "Starvation and abject poverty stalk this land," writes Editor W. J. Makin of the *Jamaica Standard* about the wealthy vacationist's beach-rimmed paradise. Questioned in Parliament about Jamaica's "horrible conditions," the Secretary for Colonies confessed, "I am not satisfied with the position in Jamaica and the West Indies generally." The responsibility for this economic débâcle, says the London *Times*, is Britain's: the British allowed slaves to be imported and then required that they be set free; and centuries of exploitation and delayed reform have resulted in a costly and perplexing problem.

The disturbances of 1938 at last sent a Royal Commission hurrying to the West Indies. Its members were impressed with American rehabilitation in the Virgin Islands; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer has begun doling out funds for relief, though the per capita expenditure is far below that in the American islands.

Guadeloupe and Martinique, the larger French islands, offer a re-

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freshing contrast to this sorry picture. The tourist is immediately struck with the absence of those beggars and "guides" who infest the poor, ill-managed British colonies. Tolerant colonial methods have made the islands neat, orderly, and mildly prosperous, and the natives thoroughly French.

French Guiana, however, is another matter. This sickly purgatory, whose sole industry is tormenting convicts, is worthless except as an overseas outlet for French national sadism. British Guiana and British Honduras are slight clearings in the vast equatorial jungle, too unimportant and unhealthy to warrant the effort and cost of a risky development.

The West Indies, says the Department of the Interior, present the problem of "a stranded population." It is no matter of clean-cut Americans in pith helmets waking up backward lands; it is "a thoroughly modern industrial dilemma, with capitalists on one side and idle workers on the other, and strikes and semi-starvation in between." This breakdown struck the Caribbean a century before it struck Europe and America in the 1930's.

A basic fallacy inspires Americans who covet these colonies as debt-payments. The West Indies *are* worth millions of dollars; but the title to this aggregate of factories, shops, and estates rests not with the British and French governments but with individuals. Britain and France merely have sovereignty over these private properties, and annexation would affect only sovereignty and not title to the wealth. Sovereignty, in the year 1940, means the doubtful privilege of paying out doles and bounties.

A second fallacy is that the West Indies are vital to the defense of America. This is true only in the sense that they must not fall, as the Virgins might have, into hostile hands. The Navy has recently perfected battleships which can sail for several miles without running out of fuel, shells, or brass-polish, and which can be risked out of sight of land. An island every three miles is not necessary. At present the Indies are in friendly hands — hands which feel them a dead weight. If we are wise we shall demand no further extension of American sovereignty over this chain of islands which stretches southeast from Florida like a long breadline at America's back door.

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THE BUNK IN CLASSICAL SCHOLARSHIP

By Carlton Parker

The Greek and Roman classics are my bread and butter. I teach them — Horace, Homer, and Herodotus are my stock-in-trade, like nails and saws in a hardware shop. So I am a bit more tolerant with Pindar than the run of mortals. But even I am sorely tried by an article such as the one on *Pindar's Figurative Use of Plants* which was published recently in one of the most venerable of our academic trade journals. It announced that the author had computed "no fewer than 105 examples of the figurative use of words which connote plants, some part of them or some act connected with them." This is little to be wondered at, since most poets, ancient or modern, have a strange leaning towards botany.

The learned article catalogued Greek words used figuratively by Pindar about twenty-four centuries ago: 10 examples of the noun for seed, 2 instances of the verb for sowing, 4 figures referring to the root, 4 forms alluding to leaves, 7 specimens from the young shoots. It then announced that "figures referring to flowers may be divided into two types: (a) those which contain the word flower, and (b) those which consist of the same root qualified by a prefix." Of type *a* the author unearthed 6 and of type *b* fully 10 samples. Having settled flowers, he worked his way to fruits, of which he found 11 exemplars, not to mention (though he did) 2 cases "of the figure of the fruit-season," and "11 instances of the verb of planting or causing to grow," "23 examples of verbs with the idea of blooming or flourishing," "10 examples of the figurative use of the idea of plucking or reaping," and 3 examples which "belong to a final group," characterized by an adjective meaning "having violet-colored hair or as having violets in the hair." Next he testified that "these figures are well distributed throughout the odes and are not confined to any group," and that, the odes having been written during forty-four years, "Pindar's use of these figures is not confined to any period of his artis-

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tic development." So that there may be no doubt on the issue, the article adds: "It is certain that Pindar uses many and varied figures from plants."

As I read this remarkable revelation, I kept thinking: What motivates such research? What purpose does it perform? Why does it continue? In short, what's the point of contemporary classical scholarship?

That paper on Pindar's plants is not an isolated instance. To learn the type of treatise written in our high-powered modern world I turned to the bibliography prepared by Prof. Marouzeau, who for some years has summarized annually the year's work in Graeco-Roman antiquity. A recent volume lists the titles of books, pamphlets, dissertations, and articles appearing during 1935. There, glancing at random, I saw such subjects as

Was Homer Illiterate?; Did Horace Study Law?; The Place of the Dog in Superstition as Revealed in Latin Literature; The Steer Aids in Farm Relief; The Ape in Greek Literature; Hogs Roman and Modern; Boar Hunting, Ancient and Modern; Boar Hunting, Again; Last Words on Boar Hunting; Pliny and the Nightingale; A Long-Lived Pear Tree; The Argument Used Seventy-Two Times in the Crown Speech of Demosthenes; The Complexion of Sappho and the Meaning of Ἱππλοκος.

These are all of American authorship, and it is an interesting commentary on American scholarship to examine the contents of a few of them.

Was Homer Illiterate? You would be gratified to glean from the author's first sentence that "the attempt to prove that Homer was illiterate (*i.e.*, unable to read and write) by external evidence has now been generally abandoned." But gratification might be followed by dismay on discovering that "the attempt to prove, by the internal evidence of the poems themselves [the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*], that Homer was an indefinite number of illiterate Singers, has recently been revived." Without becoming enmeshed in the thread of his argument, which enlarges on the impossibility of one man elaborating "the smallest part of the series of formulas" repeated in the Homeric epics, it may be said that "it is quite unnecessary to assume that they [the frequent formulas] were forced upon a series of Singers because of their inability to write." So the Singers are settled. But what of Homer: was he one man, and if so was this one man illiterate? The author does not answer.

Did Horace Study Law? An investigation of Horace's vocabulary inspires the author to announce that, from his use of legal words, "may be seen Horace's familiarity

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with, and partiality to, legal style." At first glance, certainly, such a conclusion seems to crack the charming halo with which Horace's head has long been circled, but the author nowhere answers the question in his title; and, indeed, no one is clamoring for an answer.

The Ape in Greek Literature. In the author's own words, "this article points out the Eastern and Egyptian origins of the ape and mentions some of the important or interesting passages in Greek literature in which apes are mentioned. A few of these are discussed in detail. In general, it is concluded that the animal is an object of jest and amusement — it epitomizes that form of humor which mocks the inferior, the imitative and the grotesque."

Hogs Roman and Modern; Boar Hunting, Ancient and Modern; Boar Hunting, Again; Last Words on Boar Hunting. Investigations into the science and art of pig-sticking must be read to be appreciated. The author subjoins this apology to his second article: "To the subject of boar-hunting I have given much space . . . precisely because, in the course of many years of reading the Classics, I have not seen in the editions any satisfactory comments on the subject in notes on passages in which there are references to the *aper* (boar), his tusks, his foaming jaws, etc." Seemingly the suspicion is that this series seeks to show "the antiquity of the present and the modernity of the past" — an epigram worked overtime by classicists to justify their labors.

Pliny and the Nightingale. The author here was attracted to his topic by the fact that lately someone had "so charmingly traced the nightingale through the literature of classical antiquity" and had found "his credulity strained by Pliny's assertion that 'the younger nightingales study [the art of singing] and receive phrases to imitate. The pupil listens with close attention and repeats; they are silent by turns. One can perceive the correction of the one being instructed and a certain reproof from the teacher.' " Our critic thereupon invokes Aristotle, who antedated Pliny by four centuries, to show "that the modulated song of such a bird as the nightingale is not congenital but is a matter of training." He also aligns with Aristotle and Pliny three other ancient authors in the field of natural history. Carrying his quest into our own day, the author complains that he has not found "among modern authorities any account of the pedagogical methods of the nightingale."

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The Complexion of Sappho and the Meaning of Ἰόπλοκος. To those who have the misfortune to be unacquainted with Sappho and her love-lyrics it will be somewhat of a shock to learn that it still is not settled whether the lady was blonde or brunette. Early in this article the author asserts that "there is no need to discard the ancient tradition about Sappho's appearance, unless we could definitely show it to be false." He seems to mean that she was a brunette; however, he cautiously qualifies his conclusion by adding this: "In one of her fragments, Sappho says, probably of herself, that her black hair has turned to gray." But what of the Greek adjective? Our author avers that this is elastic enough to embrace five meanings: "violet hair," "lovely tresses," "violet crown," "hair smelling of violets," "violet-weaving." The meaning of the last is dismissed with the scholarly statement that "a study of the context leads me to believe that 'violet-weaving' is out of place here." So is "violet crown." But having managed this much, we hear no more of the rest. Instead we learn that "Sappho was particularly fond of the rose and hyacinth and there were many other coronary plants [*i.e.* flowers gathered for garlands on the head], such as the lily, narcissus, phlox, crocus, anise, parsley, etc." Then he links a long list of Greek adjectives based on the two component parts of Ἰόπλοκος, five of which do not occur, the inference being that here is a researcher who can coin five new words in ancient Greek — and possibly more, for does he not conclude with "etc."? Probably the most unusual part of this article is the assertion that "the Greeks spoke of violet as black," which indicates at least that the Greeks had a word for it.

II

Thus the laborious digging for fossilized facts that are probably not there, and which no one wants anyhow, goes on and on. Thousands sweat to learn more and more about less and less. The impetus is provided by presidents and top-shelf professors in institutions of what is called higher learning. Upon newly-hatched instructors they impress the importance of unimportant facts in dim corners. The search for such facts is necessarily messy, since the instructors, besides being inexperienced, are overworked in order that their older colleagues may have more time for even more recondite research. The fact that parents send their boys

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and girls to these institutions to be educated — rather than to serve as background for futile research — is somehow forgotten in the excitement. Whether thirst for abstract knowledge outweighs hunger for the hoped-for publicity is a question too easy to answer.

What of classical dissertations for the doctorate? Our graduate schools have long labored with the task of transforming students into scholars by demanding a dissertation before the Ph.D. secures a pedagogical post. It is said that the training thus secured will stand them in good stead as teachers, but it has yet to be established that a good researcher becomes by this discipline a good teacher. Many of the best teachers have never produced a thesis or attained a doctor's degree. A graduate student spends the last of his triennium on such subjects as *The Cognomina of Centurions of the Twelfth Legion in the Parthian Campaign of Crassus*, *The Morphology of the Adjective in Aeschylus*, *The Use of the Second Aorist Middle Participle in Athenaeus*, *The Variety of Musical Metaphors and Similes in the Rhetorical Writings of Cicero*, *The Significance of the Second Sophistic in the Style of Synesius of Cyrene*, *The Irregularities in the Metrical Schemes of Pindar*, *Some Numismatic Sidelights on the Principate of Pertinax* (*1 Jan.–28 Mar. 193 A.D.*). These are all subjects on which theses have actually been written. They represent more honest perspiration than the building of a good-sized canal. Perhaps the cumulative labor advances the frontiers of knowledge. But it hardly fashions good teachers.

Who reads these treatises? First, a committee of two or three professors who recommend or reject the thesis. Second, a score or so of reviewers for professional periodicals. Third, a few of the author's acquaintances. The proud author, who usually furnishes the funds for foisting his product on the public, is fortunate if two dozen copies are sold. I know of a doctoral dissertation of more than 300 pages, printed and published by one of our leading university presses at a cost of almost $2200. Three hundred and twenty-five copies were printed; of these 105 have been presented to friends and reviewers; 81 have been sold in the course of a decade, 139 are still in the hands of the publisher. The writer's return on the sales has been under $100. And this was a thesis which received flattering reviews.

The far-fetched titles I have cited show the preoccupation with

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non-essentials typical of classical scholarship. But in part the trouble is simply that little of importance remains to be elucidated in the field; the best subjects have been explored, the best books written. The new scholar is hard put to it even to discover a theme on which to waste his genius. We hear of a moratorium for science. Will no one move for a moratorium in classical scholarship? Why beat the bare bones beyond the reinterpretation required for each generation? Will not our university teachers serve their students better by banishing their exercises of ephemeral exegesis, bending their efforts to become more effective teachers, and thus save the best in antiquity for posterity? If they do not desist from such paltry pursuits, they will only hasten their own obsequies — without even the benefit of the stately strains of another *Grammarian's Funeral.*

LUNACY MARCHES ON!

A contribution to the archives of scientific progress, with particular reference to the Einstein Theory, culled from the learned *Astronomical Journal* of the Soviet Union:

> The astronomers of the capitalistic countries, more than ever, find themselves incapable of comprehending and accepting the Marxian, dialectical-materialistic concept of the universe. . . . The theory of a relativistic universe is the hostile work of the agents of fascism. It is the revolting propaganda of a moribund, counter-revolutionary ideology.

Not to be outdone by their new comrades in *Weltpolitik*, the Nazis also have made their contribution to the Einstein concept of a finite universe in which there are no absolutes. Here is Dr. Walter Gross, leading exponent of Nordic science in the Third Reich:

> The so-called theories of Einstein are merely the ravings of a mind polluted with liberal, democratic nonsense which is utterly inacceptable to German men of science.

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JANE TOPPAN, CHAMPION POISONER

By Harland Manchester

The operators of the currently notorious Philadelphia "poison ring," purveyors of sudden death among well-insured husbands, were undoubtedly proficient — if you like mass-production methods. But I deplore the tendency of the press to exalt their corporate achievements at the expense of certain individual practitioners; it is enough to make Jane Toppan, *fin de siècle* virtuoso of poisoning, whirl in her newly-made grave. Jane wanted to be remembered as the greatest criminal who ever lived. Yet last year when she reached the end of her serene dotage, what happened? A stick-and-a-half on page 17.

There was a time when Jane received her due from the newspapers, and the notices she got make the Philadelphia company look like hams. The Philadelphians' casualty list may top Jane's when all the corpses are counted, but they had helpers, and Jane worked alone. Without accomplice, she caused the demise of thirty-one victims, and that record, we believe, makes her the incontestable solo champion in the woman's poison division.

To start properly the story of Jane's exploits, we must return you to a seething July morning in 1901. In the little Cape Cod village of Cataumet, nine miles north of Falmouth on Buzzard's Bay, men writhed and sweltered in their boiled shirts and black Sunday suits. It wasn't meeting day; it was a funeral. Old Mrs. Davis, long ailing from diabetes, had gone to meet her Maker. The Davises were Cataumet's first family. Captain Davis had founded the town. He ran the general store and the postoffice; he was an undertaker and he carved tombstones. Cataumet was so quiet that morning you could hear the grass grow.

They had sung *Lead, Kindly Light* and the melodeon was still. They had gone to the grave beneath the pines. Shortly, the mourners drifted silently away. Some relatives from Cambridge were consulting about a train. A woman passed them, walking alone. She was buxom, dark, and forty-

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ish. She was smiling, but no one seemed to notice. She stopped and looked back, as though a thought had occurred to her. . . . It is just as well that we do not know of all thoughts which come after funerals. It so happens, however, that we do know what Jane Toppan thought at that moment, for she later told us: "*You had better wait a little while and I will have another funeral for you. If you wait, it will save your going back and forth.*"

The Davises walked to their roomy cottage. They were now three — old Alden P., known as "Captain" by Cape Cod courtesy, and his two married daughters, Mrs. Harry Gordon of Chicago, who was spending the summer there, and Mrs. Irving Gibbs, whose husband was at sea with his schooner. Jane Toppan went with them, for she was their house guest and an old friend; it was good to have Jennie around at a time like this. She was always competent and cool-headed, and she was one of the best trained nurses in Massachusetts. So Jennie generally took charge of things.

"Good thing Jane Toppan stayed on," people said two weeks later. For Mrs. Gordon was sick. She'd been feeling run-down after her mother's funeral. Jane made her take some medicine, and looked after her night and day, but she kept getting worse. Jane worked over her like a Trojan, but nothing could save her. Her mother had died on July 4; on the 29th, Mrs. Gordon died, too.

Once more they walked to the burying ground. It was hard on the Captain and Mary Gibbs, but Jane Toppan was still there to help. She ought to help them in a time of trouble, said the neighbors, for the Davises had been pretty good to her. They had once lent her thousands of dollars, and little by little she was redeeming the notes, which the Captain kept locked up in his roll-top desk.

It was a terribly hot summer. Everyone said Captain Davis was looking poorly, but after all, why shouldn't he? One day he had to go to Boston on business, and came back almost prostrated, as everyone did until the Cape trains were air-conditioned a few years ago. As he sprawled on the horsehair sofa, Jane came in, full of sympathy and efficiency. "You need some medicine," she said. The Captain waved her away. "Now, now!" she said, pushing the glass at him with professional insistence. Of course he had to take it. Two days later he was dead.

Mary Gibbs, the only remaining Davis, sent for her cousin Beulah

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Jacobs, who came down from Somerville. And of course, there was still Jane. One night as the three women sat with their sewing, Jane mentioned the $500 she still owed the Davis estate. She asked Mrs. Gibbs if she wouldn't cross it off the books, now that the Captain and his wife had passed away. Mary Gibbs replied sharply that she didn't see why she should. She might not have snapped at Jane that way if she hadn't been sick. In spite of Jane's dosing, she got no better. Four days after the Captain's demise, the doctor made out another death certificate. It was a hot summer; people were dying like flies. . . . Now all the Davises were dead, and Jane left Cataumet.

II

A few days later, Captain Irving Gibbs, ignorant of his new status as a widower, came to port. His father, Captain Paul, met him at the wharf and told him why there would be no family reunion. He drew him down to the cabin and shut the door. The old man muttered Jane Toppan's name and shook his head. His son nodded. "When your wife was dying," said the old man, "she couldn't talk, but she tried to. And she acted scared every time Jane came near her." Captain Irving was a man of action. He went to see the sheriff. They talked with Prof. Wood of Harvard, an analytical chemist. The three men stood tight-lipped [illegible] Gibbs' grave while the coffin was hoisted up. Wood went back to his laboratory with a suitcase full of glass jars. He made his report, and State Detective Whitney was told to go and fine Jane Toppan.

Jane had gone directly to the house of O. M. Brigham in Lowell, which she regarded as her home, since Mr. Brigham had married her late foster sister. There was a guest in the house — her remaining foster sister, Mrs. Edna Bannister of Tunbridge, Vermont. Mrs. Bannister was on her way to Buffalo to see the Exposition, and had broken her trip at Lowell. "Why, Edna," said Sister Jane, "you're looking frightful! Let me give you a tonic."

"Oh, don't bother," said Edna, "I'm all right."

"Sister knows best," crooned Nurse Toppan. So Edna never got to Buffalo after all. This was only four days after the unfortunate demise of Mrs. Gibbs.

Jane Toppan left for a case in Amherst, New Hampshire, at the home of George Nichols, who hired her to look after his sister. They were dear friends of Jane's, she

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said. As we have seen, Jane had been working hard, and she found the little village a pleasant place to relax. September passed, and scarlet October leaves appeared. Jane grew more and more attached to her patient, who took her medicine faithfully. Rested and energetic, Jane was once more her jolly self. Her laughter rang in the trim New Hampshire sitting room as it had in the homes of her many patients at Cataumet, Lowell, Cambridge, and Watertown. One evening as she sat plumply before the fire, her glowing eyes traveling from sister to brother, there was a knock at the door. Detective Whitney had ended his search.

"You are wanted in Massachusetts," he stated formally, "for questioning in connection with the deaths of Mrs. Harry Gordon and Mrs. Irving Gibbs."

Jane was deeply shocked, and anxious to clear her name. She waived extradition and returned to the Cape with the detective. "I have a clear conscience," she proclaimed. "I wouldn't kill a chicken, and if there is any justice in Massachusetts, they will let me go."

If there is anything in extrasensory perception, George Nichols and his sister should have felt a palpable change in atmosphere when Jane left the house that night. Later, when graves all over Eastern Massachusetts had yielded their dead for post mortems, and the diligent nurse had been unmasked before a horrified world, she said with a roguish grin: "I might have killed George Nichols and his sister that night if the detective hadn't taken me away."

When Jane was locked up in the Barnstable County jail there was great indignation among the better people of Boston and Cambridge. Scores of well-to-do families remembered the brisk, cheerful nurse, recommended by dear Dr. So-and-so, who had mixed their potions and watched beside their well-ordered deaths. A cousin of Jane's, Mrs. J. E. Snow of Boston, went about soliciting defense funds in the homes of the eminent and proper. As for the fashionable doctors who had signed the death certificates of Jane's clients, they had quiet fits and dodged reporters.

It was not a detective, but an alienist, Dr. Henry R. Stedman, who broke the case. Dr. Stedman dropped in repeatedly at the Barnstable jail to chat with Jane. He took his time. He talked of general matters, of her early life, of the books she read, and every now and then adroitly brought in the subject of murder. We know now that the frequency of her murder

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impulses had been increasing that year. She was in jail, deprived of means of satisfaction of an imperative appetite. This fact must also have strengthened the doctor's hand, must have brought reactions more and more specific when he spoke of the agonies of death. Finally she could no more control herself than can a starving alley cat at sight of a canary.

Beaming and exultant, she blurted out the truth. Yes, she killed them! She fooled them all! She fooled the stupid doctors and the dumb relatives. She had cleaned out the Davis family. She had killed her foster sister Mrs. Brigham, and the housekeeper, Florence Calkins, that Brigham had hired afterward. She had killed Mrs. Bannister, the Dunham family of Cambridge, Mrs. McNear of Watertown, Myra Connors of Woods Hole. And there were others — dozens of them. They had taken her medicine, and they had died, and she had held them close in her arms and listened to the death rattle, and felt their warmth, until bye and bye they were cold, and she was tired and contented, and went to her bed and slept a long time. Sorry? No, she wasn't sorry! They were all sick, or they had troubles and worries. They were better dead!

Jane laughed riotously. "Do you know what I want to be?" she confided eagerly. "I want to go on, and on, and on. I want to be known as the greatest criminal that ever lived. That is my ambition!"

Dr. Stedman had no stenographer with him, and when he emerged from the jail, he cautiously certified at least seven Toppan murders. Only the four Davises were formally named in the indictment, but it was certain that she had murdered eleven of her patients. Jane eventually confessed to twenty others, giving names, dates and addresses which checked. Some of these, she said, were only practice killings. Years later, she set her total at a hundred, but that was vain lily-painting. Her methods were of first importance to the prosecutor, and she cleared up at once the awkward confusion about the poison. She was justifiably enraged at the accusation that she had used arsenic, though arsenic — which might have come from the embalming fluid — was found in the bodies.

"If I had used arsenic, my patients would have died hard deaths," she explained. "I could not bear to see them suffer. When I kill anyone, they go to sleep and never wake up. I use morphia and atropia, the latter to hide the

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effects of the former. Most of the people I killed were old enough to die, anyway, or else had some disease that might cause death. I never killed children. I love them." She often administered the poisons in mineral water, she said; sometimes in diluted whiskey.

III

When newspaper headlines shouted that the jovial nurse had confessed, the families she had served quickly lost interest in her defense. Everyone wondered what sort of parentage and what childhood surroundings had nurtured the monstrous fiend.

Lowell people were prompt to explain that she was not really a Toppan, that Mr. and Mrs. Abner Toppan, respectable and solid people, had adopted her from a Boston orphanage. Jane was born Norah Kelley, daughter of Peter Kelley, a tailor. Something happened to Peter Kelley. He went to pieces, and soon people were pushing him around and calling him "Kelley the Crack." He was committed to an insane asylum, and was there when Jane made the front pages. A grandmother looked after Jane and her three sisters, went broke, and turned them over to an institution for homeless girls. One of the girls, Ellen, wound up in an insane asylum. Jane was a smiling child of five when the Toppans, who already had two grown daughters, found her and gave her their name.

Jane's Lowell childhood seems to have been normal and pleasant. She did well in grade and high school, attended the First Congregational Church, and was the life of the party when her crowd went picnicking, skating, or boating. Her first emotional setback came when she fell in love. Her fiancé, a Lowell office worker, gave her a ring with a bird engraved on it, took a better job in Holyoke, married his landlady's daughter. Jane could never look at a bird after that. If she even saw a picture of a bird, she would scream, "Take it away!" This disappointment seems to have had a profound effect upon her. She was a vigorous woman with an intense desire for love and children, but she was so plain that her opportunities for marriage were limited. She bought a dream book and made copious notes in an attempt to read the future. Twice she tried to kill herself.

In her middle twenties her foster parents were relieved when she decided to become a nurse, and went to a Cambridge hospital for training. She learned quickly, ac-

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quired a reputation for competence, and was popular with the other nurses. Only two things marred her stay. One was an interest in operations and autopsies which the other nurses thought a bit ghoulish; the other was the circumstance of her discharge. She explained later that she performed a few experimental murders on her patients, and that one of the doctors suspected her.

Her desire for marriage and her love of children seem to have played a part in at least four of her murders. She said that she killed her foster-sister, Mrs. Brigham, in the hope Deacon Brigham would marry her. A year later she killed his housekeeper, for she had not forgotten that propinquity had once lost her a mate. A similar hope was present when she poisoned Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Gordon, and she said that she loved the sickly Gordon child and wanted to mother her. Usually the poison was given in moderate doses, the treatment requiring several days. Often she repented her act when the victim was beyond hope, and labored desperately to prevent death. But once the patient had given up the ghost, she was her old smiling self.

While Jane was awaiting trial, she gained fifty pounds and read most of the books in the Barnstable library. In 1902 they found her insane, and put her away for life in the Taunton Asylum. She was furious; she wasn't crazy, she said. She knew she'd done wrong, and that proved her sanity. Within two years, definite symptoms of dementia set in. She began to worry because she suffered no remorse, and she accused the nurses of trying to poison her. It would be so simple, she said, and she should know. In 1905 the doctors gave her only a few months to live, but Jane recovered, and regained her buxom aplomb. She wrote love stories to while away the time, and mellowed with the years. She was 84 when she died. The Taunton officials said she was "just a quiet old lady who never gave us any trouble."

But once in a while she would grin impishly, and beckon to a nurse. "*Get some morphine, dearie,*" she would whisper, "*and we'll go out in the ward. You and I will have a lot of fun seeing them die.*"

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THE STATE OF THE UNION

Lewis Fights Labor Peace

By Benjamin Stolberg

Two propositions, mutually confusing, are equally true of American labor as it faces the 'forties. First, the New Deal has done more for organized labor than any other administration in our history. Secondly, organized labor is now in a more ominous predicament than ever before. For this anomaly there are many reasons, some of them inherent in the contradictions of the New Deal, others connected with the sinister forces of international reaction and chaos which are magnetizing our national life. The most obvious and immediate danger to American labor is the war between the CIO and the AFL, a war which is kept up by the CIO — the AFL would like to have peace.

Only one thing is certain about this war: there will be no peace. The AFL is today much too strong to consent to peace on any other basis than that of swallowing the CIO. All it can do is to "welcome home" the various CIO unions, with equitable safeguards, and to amalgamate all competitive unions. That, unfortunately, John L. Lewis cannot afford; and John L. Lewis is the CIO. Lewis cannot, at any rate will not, return as the mere president of the United Mine Workers. Nor does he have to as long as he is willing to keep on wrecking the labor movement, which like all institutions can stand an amazing amount of ruination.

To be sure, the AFL is our dominant labor movement. Its dues-paying membership is 4,000,000, while the equal claims of the CIO are absurd. The total dues-paying membership of the CIO is at most 1,500,000. But since last fall the CIO has become more or less stabilized, and from now on its attrition through defections and organizational chaos is likely to be quite slow. The mere recognition of its various unions in the basic industries by the National Labor Relations Board has finally stopped its numerical disintegration, which began in the fall of 1937 and ended in the fall of 1939. For in-

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stance, as long as the Steel Workers Organizing Committee officially represents the workers in the steel industry, it will always have the basic minimum of members needed for survival. Moreover, the United Mine Workers can continue to subsidize the rest of the CIO for some time, though at a terrific cost. The CIO can continue for some time to serve Mr. Lewis as a means of perpetuating that chaos upon which his dictatorship rests.

Today Lewis has only one policy: No peace at any price! For almost a year he has kept all peace negotiations with the AFL suspended, and in his own inner circles he has vetoed, almost hysterically, every possibly successful move towards unity. His seemingly senseless attacks on the President in January at the Golden Jubilee convention of the miners, his desperate sabotage of the AFL in trying to organize dual unions even in the well-organized building industry, the ever tightening centralization of power in his own hands, the close approximation of his program to that of the Communist Party even after Stalin's attack on Finland — everything he does is determined by his obsession that there must be no unity in American labor.

Not long ago Dan Tobin, President of the Teamsters, placed the responsibility for the continuing split in the labor movement on "less than a dozen men" and advised the rank and file of labor to revolt against their leaders. Such advice from one of the top bureaucrats in the AFL was rather amazing. Tobin is the most important member of the negotiating committee for peace with the CIO. He is also Chairman of the Labor Committee of the Democratic Party. His statement was undoubtedly inspired by the White House; President Roosevelt had finally realized that he could not use Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers as a peace negotiator. Hillman has no power in the CIO and is not taken seriously in the AFL. His fantastic claims of success as chairman of the CIO textile drive and the failure of the drive itself, his incompetent efforts (against his own convictions) to protect the Stalinists in the American Labor Party in New York, have so discredited him in organized labor that the White House had to turn to Tobin. Tobin's "bombshell" annoyed no end his fellow oligarchs in the AFL, for no one knew better than Tobin that Lewis was the main obstacle to peace. But it annoyed Mr. Lewis even more. And it infuriated him against the President.

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Lewis waited for the Fiftieth Anniversary convention of the miners to tell Roosevelt to mind his own business. His attack on Roosevelt was a congenial task, for temperamentally he always disliked the President, even when he was officially for him. He considers Roosevelt soft, spoiled, clever and empty. Lewis predicted the President's "ignominious defeat" if he should run for a third term. He painted Roosevelt as an enemy of labor. He accused the New Deal of having done nothing for seven years, which is funny coming from Lewis who was all for the Administration until the Stalin-Hitler pact. He practically endorsed Wheeler for President.

The whole performance was largely sound and fury and folly. Labor, rightly or wrongly, thinks of Roosevelt as its friend. Should the President run again, organized labor, whose vote no one "controls," is far more likely to be for him than against him. Lewis's own Labor's Nonpartisan League is a mere paper organization. It is precisely at the polls that Gentleman Jim Corbett Roosevelt could knock out John L. Sullivan Lewis, the tough boy from Iowa. Even at the miners' convention there were forty-seven resolutions in favor of a third term.

II

While it is true that the CIO has become temporarily stabilized at a minimal membership of about 1,500,000, two tendencies are at work which in the long run are bound to weaken it. One tendency is within the CIO, and the other is inherent in its relation to outside forces beyond its control.

Let us take the second tendency first. During the first two years of its existence the CIO was on the up-and-up, miraculously so. From a membership of less than 1,000,000 it rose to almost 3,500,000. It fulfilled a deep inner need for industrial organization of labor in the basic industries; it was intellectually fashionable; it had the good will of the New Dealers; above all it enjoyed preferential treatment by the National Labor Relations Board. Lewis was not only the "second public figure" in the United States but became an international figure as one of the most important "popular front" leaders in "the struggle against fascism in the Americas."

In the last two years the trend has been reversed. The CIO lost over half its members; the financial situation became desperate; the AFL finally began to fight in earnest the privileged treatment

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of the CIO by the Labor Board; and the Stalinist penetration of both the Board and the CIO became a matter of public record. The President appointed Dr. William Leiserson to the Labor Board with the mandate to clean house, and Dr. Leiserson proceeded to write dissenting opinions, which were strictly impartial and conformed without sophistry to the spirit of the Wagner Labor Act. Finally, a Congressional committee began to investigate the Board and found that Edwin S. Smith, a member, had been almost openly pro-CIO and anti-AFL, and that Nathan Witt, its secretary, had been even more flagrantly partial. (Mr. Warren Madden, Chairman of the Board, who cannot possibly be accused of being a "fellow traveler" of the communists, notoriously and stubbornly does not know what it's all about.) In short, a reaction set in against the Stalinoid link between the CIO and the Labor Board — and needless to say, this public reaction was zealously exploited by real anti-labor forces, a danger against which Lewis had been warned time and again. Moreover, after the Stalin-Hitler Pact the Stalinists in the CIO suddenly discovered that Roosevelt is an imperialist, a warmonger, the hired man of the House of Morgan, an enemy of labor. The friendship between the CIO and the Administration cooled perceptibly and finally broke; and Lewis even turned against the Labor Board.

The tendency of the Administration to stop favoring the CIO became clear as early as last spring. And one resolution adopted at the CIO convention in San Francisco last October recommended "the most sparing use of the Wagner Act in the future" and asserted that the policies of the Labor Board "have resulted in the displacement of unbiased personnel in favor of personnel antagonistic of the CIO." From now on the CIO cannot count on the powerful aid of the Administration, no matter who wins the next election. There can be little doubt that the pressure of anti-labor forces on the Administration is partly responsible for this whole development. But the point is that where the AFL largely relies not on government sympathy but on its stable and powerful membership, the CIO is bound to suffer without the aid of a benevolent Administration. There again peace between the CIO and the AFL would be the only solution. A united labor movement would automatically take the Labor Board out of labor politics and

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strengthen its legitimate function immeasurably.

But the real danger to the CIO comes from the disruptive tendencies within it. And the major disruptive force always has been and still is the Communist Party and its fellow travelers. For almost a month after the signing of the Russo-German trade pact, the Party Line zigzagged and veered in insane contradictions. The Stalinists in the CIO were even more confused than the leaders of the Communist Party, for they were confronted with the necessity of greater discretion. But by October they had completely straightened out the "Party Line" in the unions they controlled. And today, their policies dominate the national CIO more securely then ever. Len De Caux still runs the *CIO News*, though cautiously, as a strict fellow-traveling sheet. At a recent convention of the New Jersey CIO, a delegate from the steel workers union was bodily thrown out when he insisted that his resolution against the Stalin-Hitler Pact be considered. This reactionary brutality is symptomatic of the spirit which dominates the CIO.

At the San Francisco convention of the CIO, Lewis made various shifts in personnel which seemed to presage a purge of the comrades. But nothing came of it. The fact is that Lewis, who is neither a communist nor a fellow-traveler, needs the Stalinists to prevent peace in the labor movement. Though he does not "follow" the Party Line, he "parallels" it. The new "radicalism" and isolationism of the Stalinists is of course motivated entirely by the military necessities of the Soviet-Nazi allies. But the communist program is also Lewis's program, though his motives are simply to prevent peace with the AFL and to keep power over the CIO. It could be shown that almost every issue he raises has been raised the same way in the *Daily Worker*. At no time has Lewis indicted the Stalin-Hitler alliance; he has kept mum about the attack on Finland. Today he is the hero of the Communist Party. In the CIO the communists mask their activities behind Lewis's hostility to the Administration.

The fact is that Lewis cannot get rid of the communists in the CIO, for they permeate its entire structure. And he wouldn't if he could because they are his main aids in preventing a united labor movement. But the labor war which he and the communists are deepening impairs the strength of organized labor at the time when it most needs strength and unity.

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AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

THE publishers of "*Who's Who in California*," in an advertising form letter, offer startling proof of the claim that their publication is *sui generis:*

> The book is unique — alone in its field. It is the chief and most dependable source of biological data of PROMINENT CALIFORNIANS and as such will be used in homes, libraries, newspaper offices, schools and other important institutions throughout the state.

THE editors of the Hollywood *Citizen-News* do their bit for the promotion of the obvious:

> A good way to find out if a person is a Communist is to ask him what his sympathies are in relation to the Russian-Finn war. Invariably the Communist expresses sympathy for Russia. The non-Communist invariably expresses sympathy for Finland.

ILLINOIS

A LESSON in moderation and self-restraint is offered the citizenry of Stonington, and recorded by the *Star:*

> Mr. Hayes, a former National Commander of the Legion, stated at the outset of his talk, that he would confine his remarks to Americanism and the Youth of Today, and would not talk partisan politics, for he is a candidate for the governorship of Illinois. He adhered to this rule, and only once or twice mentioned the probability of ruin to this country's downfall if the present orgy of spending is continued.

TOKENS of the march of culture in our great Mid-West, culled from columns of the Chicago *Tribune:*

> WANTED — A COUPLE TO GET MARRIED in 26,000 gallons of diluted cherry juice at the cherry harvest festival, July 22, 3:30 p.m. Marriage license, ring, and a wedding present. Door County Chamber of Commerce, Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

MASSACHUSETTS

A PRAYER addressed to the Heavenly Police Commissioner and allegedly distributed to Boston policemen by his local counterpart:

> Dear Saint Michael, Heaven's glorious Commissioner of Police, who once so neatly and successfully cleared God's premises of all its undesirables, look with kindly and professional eye on our earthly Force. Give us cool heads, stout hearts, hard punches, an uncanny flair and an honest judgment. Make us the terror of burglars, the friends of children and law-abiding citizens, kind to strangers, polite to bores, strict with law-breakers and impervious to bribery. In troubles and riots give us sheer muscle without temper; at the police court, give us love for truth and evidence, without any thought of promotion. You know, dear Saint Michael,

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from your experience with the Devil, that the policeman's lot, whether in Heaven or on earth, is not always a happy one; but your sense of duty that so surprised God, your hard knocks that so surprised the Devil, and your angelic self-control that so surprised both, should be our inspiration. Only make us as loyal to the law of God as we are particular about the law of the land. And when we lay down our badges, enroll us in your Heavenly Force, when we shall be as proud to guard the throne of God as we have been to guard the City. Amen.

MISSOURI

HERO worship creates a child prodigy in a review of *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:*

Now 43 years old, Massey has no difficulty in sloughing off two-score years when he first appears as Lincoln.

NEVADA

ANOTHER triumph for American efficiency is reported by the Associated Press out of Las Vegas:

Mrs. Frances K. Isaacs, 24, broke a local record here. She was divorced from Henry J. Isaacs and exactly 12 minutes and five seconds later was married to John Ormond Judge. The best previous time for such a procedure was 13 minutes and 30 seconds.

NEW YORK

A REVOLUTIONARY pronouncement by the Sage of Union Square, Michael Gold, in his flaming column in the *Daily Worker* under the bold caption "Change the World!":

You don't know what a father feels when there is a little unknown being coming out of the nowhere into the now. He (or preferably she) is your sole responsibility. And the doctor says she (or he) is due in three weeks, yet may decide to arrive any moment now of the day or night. So when you kiss your wife good-bye, you can't help wondering, Will It Happen while I am at the office frivolously reading the N. Y. *Times* and *Herald Tribune?*

THE revolution against capitalism comes to Erie County, and is chronicled by the *Weekly People:*

With only 30 members and sympathizers attending, we raised a collection of $40 and an additional $24 from eats and drinks. Comrade Bopp was asked to address the small group and did a fine job of pointing out the seriousness of the situation in capitalism and the necessity of backing up the S.L.P. program in every respect. A check for $65 will be sent to the National Office.

OHIO

A FLOURISHING community proudly puts its best foot forward for strangers — a huge sign at the city limits announces:

MEDINA, THE HOME OF GARBAGE-FED HOG

OREGON

STUDENTS at the Oregon State College learn the facts of life, the campus *Barometer* reveals:

Razorback clams lack sex life, announced Charles Withers, fisheries student, in a general discussion of

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invertebrate animals at a student forum yesterday. Reason for this deficiency is due to their biological makeup.

PENNSYLVANIA

PROFOUND note on literature from the letter columns of the learned Philadelphia Evening Bulletin:

SIR: To "Sweeney," who says he reads so-called kid stories: We also read this sort of stories, such as "Tom Swift," "Don Winslow," and "Tarzan." We find this type of stories to be very entertaining. They bring one's thought back to their childhood days. It is better to read this kind of books rather than trashy literature. *Two What Ho's.*

TEXAS

THE Muse of Poesy pays a flying visit to the Santa Rosa, Cameron County, *Signal:*

If everyone could stand beside the bed of some close friend,
And hear the doctor say, "no hope" before that fatal end,
And see him there unconscious, never knowing what took place,
The laws and rules of traffic I am sure we'd soon embrace.

IN OTHER UTOPIAS

ENGLAND

ANOTHER English triumph of science is reported by *Women's Friend:*

"I suffered badly from sleeplessness until I read somewhere that if the shoes one has worn during the day are put under the foot of the bed on retiring to rest, sleep and a good night's rest will be assured. But it is the position in which the shoes are placed which counts. They should be placed side by side, heel to toe," and she sent a tiny sketch to illustrate, showing them placed alternate fashion. "I have tried it many times," she adds, "and have recommended it to friends and in every case it has produced the required sleep."

GERMANY

THE newer anthropology is expounded by Prof. Hermann Gauch in *The New Bases of Racial Research:*

The Nordic mouth is kiss-capable. On the other hand, the non-Nordic's broad, thick-lipped mouth together with his widely dilated nostrils displays sensual eagerness, a false and malicious, sneering expression and a sipping movement of the mouth indicative of voluptuous self-indulgence. Talking with the aid of hands and feet is characteristic of non-Nordics, whereas the Nordic man stands calmly with his hands in his pockets.

RUSSIA

THE difficulties of a "blackout" in Stalin's happy capital are chronicled by the New York *Times* correspondent in Moscow:

As 90 per cent of Moscow's families are without curtains capable of obscuring light, owing to the acute textile shortage, and as the paper shortage makes it out of the question to provide black paper for darkening windows, the dismal alternative of carrying on household life by the faint ghastly blue light is the only one possible. Blue bulbs, however, are extremely difficult to procure, so it is only by the slowest stages that Moscow can progress toward a full blackout.

(THE MERCURY *will pay $1 for items accepted for Americana. Those found unsuitable cannot be returned.*)

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DOWN TO EARTH

By Alan Devoe

Frozen Sleep Among the Animals

Not many creatures of earth are visible now in the frozen woods and fields. A walker there can see only the few thick-furred gray squirrels and hares and deer that are pelted for cold weather, and can hear no livelier bird-music than the small call-notes of hardy nuthatches and chickadees. In midwinter the populace of wild things has a meager look. But could a man see underneath the surface of the frozen earth and below the icy mud of brook-beds, he would be aware of the presence of a tremendous number of beasts. Only a very few of the denizens of outdoors removed to other climates when the autumn cold came. Some of the summer birds departed, to be sure, and some of the insects died. But innumerable animals only retired to hidden places and went to sleep. By thousands, when the first frosts were felt, they subsided into that lethargy called hibernation.

Indians spoke of hibernation as the Long Sleep, but it is rather more than that. It is a profound oblivion midway between sleep and death. It is an unknowing and unfeeling more deep and lasting than can be induced in man by the most powerful drugs, a suspension of life processes more thorough and protracted than even the "frozen slumber" which doctors have lately devised as a palliative of cancer. It is a phenomenon unique in nature, and though we are wiser about it than we were in those cradle-days of biology when Dr. Johnson thought that swallows passed the winter asleep in the mud at the bottom of the Thames, it remains a riddle still.

The season of hibernating begins quite early for some of the creatures of outdoors. It is not alone the cold which causes it; there are a multiplicity of other factors — diminishing food supply; increased darkness as the fall days shorten; silence — frequently decisive. Any or all of these may be the signal for entrance into the Long Sleep, depending upon the habits and make-up of the particular creature. Among the skunks, it is usually the

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coming of the cold that sends them, torpid, to their root-lined underground burrows; but many other mammals (for instance, ground squirrels) begin to grow drowsy when the fall sun is still warm on their furry backs and the food supply is not at all diminished. This ground-squirrel kind of hibernating, independent of the weather and the food supply, may be an old race habit, an instinctual behavior pattern like the unaccountable migrations of certain birds. Weather, food, inheritance, darkness — all these obscurely play their parts in bringing on the annual subsidence into what one biologist has called "the little death." Investigation of the causes will need a good many years before they can be understood, for in captivity, where observation is more easy than in the wild, the hibernators often do not sleep at all.

The preparations for hibernation begin in early fall, and they are various. The insects — such as survive the winters in adult form — make ready by a drastic dehydration. Their bodies lose the moisture which they have in summer, and which would make them liable to fatal freezing, and become dessicated and brittle. Their reactions to the stimulus of light become, in most cases, the reverse of normal: beetles ordinarily attracted toward the light are violently repelled by it after dehydration. They creep to dark places. Some of them, like the May beetles, repair to deep sub-frostline tunnels in the earth; some of them seek out crannies under the loose bark of trees and interstices in stumps. With all their body tissues radically dried, and all their responses to stimuli slowed and dulled, they lapse into immobility. Their bodies are stiff and straight, wings and legs held parallel. They are ready to remain unmoving and foodless until the Spring thaws come. They are ready to undergo the experience, common enough among the surface-hibernating insects, of being chilled to well below 32 degrees, Fahrenheit, without suffering injury.

The frogs, in making ready, betake themselves to the deep, soft mud of the brook-bottoms and the shelter of flat underwater stones. The toads, their soft bodies equipped with curious many-fingered lumps of fat to serve as food supply, burrow on cool September days into sandy garden soil or into the banks of their breeding streams, and with arched backs and indrawn legs grow motionless. The snails cease feeding, bury themselves among the moss and leaves, and secrete a covering over the open-

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ings of their shells. The trout swim leisurely upstream and grow quiet and unhungry; the spiders that have not perished in the first cold weather withdraw into burrows or spin themselves cocoons.

II

Most striking is the Long Sleep of the mammals. Raccoons, chipmunks, bats, bears, woodchucks — all these make ready in the autumn for a greater or lesser period of dormancy. They are all animals with imprecisely regulated body temperatures, these mammalian hibernators; during normal summer-time activity their temperatures often fluctuate by ten or fifteen degrees. They do not have a wholly static temperature, independent of the warmth of the outer air, as does a man or a wood mouse or a winter-active deer. They can survive the months of northern cold and snow only by lapsing into a quiescence hardly distinguishable from death. Some of them sleep more deeply than others, some for the whole winter and some for only a part of it. The commonest of them, the woodchuck, serves as a fair exemplar.

The woodchuck's hibernation usually starts about the middle of September. For weeks he has been foraging with increased appetite among the clover blossoms and has grown heavy and slow-moving. Now, with the coming of mid-September, apples and corn and yarrow-tops have become less plentiful, and the nights are cool. The woodchuck moves with slower gait, and emerges less and less frequently for feeding-trips. Layers of fat have accumulated around his chest and shoulders, and there is thick fat in the axils of his legs. He has extended his summer burrow to a length of nearly thirty feet, and has fashioned a deep nest-chamber at the end of it, far below the level of the frost. He has carried in, usually, a little hay. He is ready for the Long Sleep.

When the temperature of the September days falls below fifty degrees or so, the woodchuck becomes too drowsy to come forth from his burrow in the chilly dusk and forage. He remains in the deep nest-chamber, lethargic, hardly moving. Gradually, with the passing of hours or days, his coarse-furred body curls into a semi-circle, like a foetus, nose-tip touching tail. The small legs are tucked in, the hand-like clawed forefeet folded. The woodchuck has become a compact ball. Presently the temperature of his body begins to fall.

In normal life the woodchuck's

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temperature, though fluctuant, averages about 97 degrees. Now, as he lies tight-curled in a ball with the winter sleep stealing over him, this body heat drops ten degrees, twenty degrees, thirty. Finally, by the time the snow is on the ground and the woodchuck's winter dormancy has become complete, his temperature is only 38 or 40. With the falling of the body heat there is a slowing of his heartbeat and his respiration. In normal life he breathes thirty or forty times each minute; when he is excited, as many as a hundred times. Now he breathes slower and slower — ten times a minute, five times a minute, once a minute, and at last only ten or twelve times in an hour. His heartbeat is a twentieth of normal. He has entered fully into the oblivion of hibernation.

The Long Sleep lasts, on an average, about six months. For half a year the woodchuck remains unmoving, hardly breathing. His pituitary gland is inactive; his blood is so sluggishly circulated that there is an unequal distribution in the chilled body; his sensory awareness has wholly ceased. It is almost true to say that he has altered from a warm-blooded to a cold-blooded animal.

And then, in the middle of March, he wakes. The waking is not a slow and gradual thing, as was the drifting into sleep, but takes place quickly, often in an hour. The body temperature ascends to normal, or rather higher for a while; glandular functions instantly resume; the respiration quickens and steadies at a normal rate. The woodchuck has become himself again, save only that he is a little thinner, and is ready at once to fare forth into the pale spring sunlight and look for grass and berries.

Such is the performance each fall and winter, with varying detail, of bats and chickarees and worms and bears and a hundred other kinds of creature. It is a marvel less spectacular than the migration flight of hummingbirds or the flash of shooting stars, but it is not much less remarkable.

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POETRY

THE COMSTOCK LODE: *An American Ballad*

By Matthew Biller

The Comstock tale is a tale of silver,
Of men who gambled and drank their fill,
Of Immigrant's Pass and the Carson River,
And cemeteries under the hill;

Of men who duelled at twenty paces,
And the warm wet knife of Old Sam Brown,
Of Piute Indians with hungry faces
And the christening of Virginia Town.

Of Pony Bob and Wells and Fargo,
Of Judge Freebaum and Dad Furzee,
Of camel trains and their desert cargo,
Of William Stewart and Molly Magee.

The boys came over the high Sierras,
They pounded the passes to trails and roads,
They beat the drifted snow in furrows
To stake their claims on the queen of lodes.

The boys climbed high on Finger Peak
Till they struck their heads against the clouds;
Till a man wore a star on either cheek
And his pocket carried the cheer of crowds.

When Millicent Blair heard of the rush
She kissed her lovers in Placerville,
She gathered her laces, silk, and plush,
And lent her charm to the silver mill:

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When Stella Bower (in her teens)
Left Applegate School to go to the mines
She chewed tobacco and wore blue jeans,
And laid with men in the pinto pines;

And when Henry Comstock wanted a woman
To fry his flapjacks and comb his hair,
He made a deal with Bishop Loman
For seventy dollars and a one-eyed mare.

Now when Parson Willet saw the devil
Running rampant like a two-year heifer
He set up a church on the open level . . .
And Nick laid it flat with a Washoe zephyr!

But The Grand Saloon: now there was a place
Well fortified for storm and trouble;
The boys left their silver and gold with a grace
And went to work with their purses double.

Oh, life was as high as Old Sun Mountain! —
Filled to the neck with excitement and passion,
And death leaped up as a gushing fountain
Where dying in boots was the proper fashion.

The Comstock boys were vulgar and free:
And rumor has spread to the ends of the earth
Of Twain whose lies were as tall as a tree,
Of Nye whose jokes were shaking with mirth.

Oh, the Comstock boys were reckless and bold:
They flung their pokes for a female smile;
They beat the Indians, and licked the cold,
And drove the wolf over Forty-Mile.

Their story is part of a nation's annal,
Of a state brought to birth with drums and pipes,
Of twenty-mule teams and Sutro's tunnel,
Of Abraham Lincoln and the Stars and Stripes.

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When times got hard in Virginia City
The boys took baggage and hurried away —
They were restless boys, and had no pity
For the loves and riches of yesterday.

Some went afoot and some astraddle
Out Forty-Mile stretch in the setting sun,
And not one turned in his step or saddle
To look on the place where his work was done.

But they left a few of their kin behind,
They left a promise for the debts they owed,
And they left the souls that have been refined
In the silver shadow of the Comstock Lode.

BLACK LAKE

By George Abbe

I should like to be in the black lake now,
Under the ice, with my face to the sky.
I would feel the sweet clean cold of the water,
I could look up and see the skaters go by
Through the white fine ice, the fragile curve
Of the blades biting down, the long lovely swerve
Of a woman's body, the charge of a man
With quicker strokes and a pounding sound.
I shall go back to the lake if I can
Sometime before I die.
I should rather lie
There than underground,
I should rather be buried in water I loved
Black under ice. The cold of it sealing me.
My face to the sky.

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THE LIBRARY

Mencken, Nathan and Cabell

By Burton Rascoe

Having read to the full measure of happy repletion and laid aside the three books [1] here under special consideration, I gave silent thanks for that dispensation of Providence which, on August 23rd of last year, resulted in an event which lifted an awful heel off the neck of a whole literary generation in America. That act was the signing of the Stalin-Hitler pact of friendship. In the literary ranks of this country the repercussions of that act were both catastrophic and ridiculous. Never in the history of American literature or, indeed, of any literature has a whole *schema* of casuistry, exegesis, ritual, dogma, acts of faith and *modi operandi* been dropped with such alacrity. Rarely has there been such an obscene rout of people running with their shirt-tails afire, hollering that they never had anything to do with it.

Writers of best-sellers whose books had been swept into best-sellerdom on the wave of the intellectual fashion, which was to be communistic though rich, high-salaried or well-heeled; Hollywood scenario writers who had been beating their breasts to great applause in public about their hard lot while "a very successful experiment toward a better world" had been made in Soviet Russia and while "Lenin and Stalin made their dreams a reality"; [2] university teachers who had been instructing freshmen and sophomores in the voodoo of dialectic materialism; critics and columnists who had been the Mainbochers of the "popular front" corset or who had copied and dispensed it like so many lingerie wholesalers; and the literary sharecroppers and autograph hounds who had followed around

[1] *Hamlet Had an Uncle*, by Branch Cabell. $2.50. *Farrar & Rinehart. Encyclopedia of the Theatre*, by George Jean Nathan. $3.00. *Knopf. Happy Days*, by H. L. Mencken. $2.75. *Knopf.*

[2] From the address of Donald Ogden Stewart before the Second Congress of American Writers, published in *The Writer in a Changing World* (*Equinox Cooperative Press*, $2.00). Other contributions to this sympo ium will also be found to be highly entertaining.

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the literary big-shots — such as Hemingway, Caldwell, Sheean, Stewart; Lawson, Odets and MacLeish — like so many movie fans in the wake of Clark Gable; all these began to run for cover. Or, caught with their pants down, their names plastered over articles and books currently in demand extolling Stalin's democracy or Cheka exploits in Spain, they began to squeal recantations and extenuations in a holy show of intellectual cowardice. Such an abject flight from a position formerly held with heavy artillery and great braggadocio has never before been witnessed in American literature.

Most of the old pre-war Leftists had honor and courage. Art Young, Max Eastman, Floyd Dell, Robert Minor and others on the old *Masses* did not, in 1915–16, hastily desert their positions when it became fashionable, strategic, expedient and profitable to whoop it up for war: they held fast, endured obloquy, and stood trial for their liberty. But the boys and girls to Earl Browder's right and left, who were such triumphant tycoons that *Time* gave their Moscow-engineered Second American Writers Congress a four-page spread in 1937, staged a retreat from Moscow more ignominious than Napoleon's.

This is all to the good. Two influences have tended to make the literary generation which came to flower in the 1930's the most illiterate, the most naïve, and the most easily duped since the heyday of Charles Major. One of them was political: the assault upon the humanities and non-"proletarian" art inspired and directed from Moscow for totalitarian purposes. The other influence was literary: the c-a-t-spells-cat school of writing which begat Ernest Hemingway from Sherwood Anderson out of Gertrude Stein and achieved a fine and worthy offspring in Hemingway, but which in its turn begat a teeming litter of John Myers O'Haras. After *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* it is scarcely to be wondered at that a whole underprivileged literary generation had been so nourished on four-letter and one-syllable pap that it was easily cowed by a brow-beating crew of critical proctors who denounced nearly all the true literature that was in being (including Hemingway's and Dos Passos' when it diverged from the party line) as bourgeois, passé, fascist, old-hat, Trotskyite, un-American, not in tune with dialectical materialism, and utterly without social significance.

Between the writers of the

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McGuffey's-First-Reader type of fiction and the Hicks-Cowley-Browder-Crichton-Burke-Smith-Kronenberger Aristotles of the Marxian esthetics, physics and metaphysics, probably a whole literary generation has grown up which can no more read *Hamlet Had an Uncle*, by Branch Cabell, *The Encyclopedia of the Theatre*, by George Jean Nathan and *Happy Days*, by H. L. Mencken than it could read Plato's *Republic* in the original, or, for that matter, in a good English translation. For Cabell, Nathan and Mencken, each in his individual way, has a rich and varied vocabulary, a sense of the high importance of syntax, and a proper appreciation of the tone, texture, color, appearance and meaning of words in expressing subtleties and shades of ideas and in giving distinction, life and cogency to images. They are neither one-finger virtuosi nor mental hermits who have shut themselves in the dismal Marxian cave to listen only to the roar of hollow conks.

II

I have read novel after novel and story after story by writers highly recommended for their proletarian force and social significance. I have exercised my mind upon tome after tome, of varying degrees of cacophony and agglutination, spewed by the doctrinaire interpretative and *Tendenz* oracles. After such a gyp and run-around, I read *Hamlet Had an Uncle*, *Encyclopedia of the Theatre* and *Happy Days* with some of that mingling of esthetic pleasure and sheer rush of patriotic emotion that wells up in an American on first sighting the Manhattan skyline after a long stay abroad. For here is something of solidity, relative permanency, strength and beauty; and it is native, indigenous, the creative flowering of intelligence, knowledge, experience, imagination, insight, and disciplined talents.

Cabell, Nathan and Mencken were all mature men of letters long before the World War began. They had individually integrated their characters, discovered their natural rhythms and cadences and developed their distinctive characteristics of style; they had achieved a personal point of view which was never to be swayed by the seasonal variations of popular approval or by the accident of being in favor or disfavor; and they had assumed the social and esthetic responsibilities of their chosen fields of literary endeavor long before the map of Europe began to undergo its

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kaleidoscopic changes. They have taken part in all of the important socio-literary affairs of their day — and continue to do so — each of them having done in his time mightier and more successful battles against Philistinism and Pharisaism, against the stultifying and repressive forces of ignorance, censorship, prejudice and other enemies of liberty and freedom of conscience than all the Hickses, Forsythes, Cowleys and fellow-travellers put together.

In *Beyond Life*, Cabell, under the guise of a book on the canons of art and on the relation of life to literature, ran a devastating critical analysis and commentary on the hypocrisies of the politicians and financiers and the tragic gullibility of their dupes, from the Tampico incident to the final machinations which brought us into the last war. In fact, every novel as well as every essay of Cabell's this past quarter of a century has been, in essence, a running commentary on the life and events of the times, closer to the realities of the day than the daily newspapers and more impregnated and fructified by what has been going on than the most up-to-date book explaining the background of the present situation in Patagonia.

Cabell is sixty years old; Mencken is fifty-nine; and Nathan is fifty-eight. It is amazing to reflect, after reading their three latest books, how much younger in spirit, how much limberer and lither in intellect, how much more alert, perceptive, energetic, appreciative, sympathetic, enthusiastic and alive each one of them seems than so many of their juniors who are grinding out grievous belly-aches on Guggenheim fellowships, Pulitzer prize money and various other subsidies and remittances! Cabell published his first book in 1904, Mencken in 1905, and Nathan in 1913. Ever since their first appearances in book covers, these three have steadily turned out the written word, both as a means of livelihood and for inner satisfaction, and have meanwhile delighted, antagonized, infuriated, horrified, and instructed an ever-old, ever-new audience. Mencken has to his credit fourteen books, not counting collaborations and translations; Nathan has twenty-three; and Cabell has twenty-seven. And the score in their favor is not simply a matter of bulk; when the final tally is in, on the quality of the literary work of their period, I beg leave to guess that much of their work will stack up as of classical quality and perennially readable.

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III

Hamlet Had an Uncle is Cabell's own version of what happened in the case of the melancholy Dane. For genuine plausibility plus a most engaging dramatic parable of the destructive mission of idealists and the discomforting tragedy to all concerned, including himself, of the man who holds his concept of honor sacred above all else, I give you this tale and Shakespeare's version only. You can, for my money, throw out of the library window all the other thousands of essays, treatises, philosophical disquisitions and critical explanations of the character of Hamlet and the meaning of Shakespeare's play.

In this prose comedy, Cabell is at his pristine best, in subtle paradox, disarming ironic humor, quickly moving action and interludes of carefully sustained suspense, descriptive passages which evoke a scene with a few words, passages of grave, heart-gripping instances of the *lacrimae rerum* and stark, rather blood-curdling sudden showings of the face of that reality we each shun as much as we can. In this story Cabell has adapted his cadenced and full-bodied style to the reading habits of the majority, which likes, as a rule, the short sentence best and prefers the sentence that is not so heavily weighted with treasures as to make you stop and roll it around on your mind. This is the greatest concession Cabell has ever made to the lazy mental habits and general impatience of the reader to see how it all comes out in the end. Neither the style nor the plot is any more complicated than a good whodunit by Dashiell Hammett and, in spots, he has used colloquialisms and the syntactical devices of ordinary American speech with exhilarating effect. There is here no hocus-pocus hinting of strange vices which might attract the prurient. On the contrary, there is humor, excellent character drawing, credible actions evolving out of credible motives — altogether a fine and troubling story.

There have been times in the past when the perverse imp in Nathan, which delights in teasing the moon-struck Orlandos and melancholy Jacques, has prompted him to pull pretty legs and dignified beards with such unacademic delight as to obscure from the minds of said Orlandos and Jacques the paramount fact that Nathan is essentially a scholarly, profound, experienced and knowledgeable serious student and critic of behavior in life as well as of the representations of that behavior on the

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stage. Some day a discerning aspirant for a Ph.D. will cull from the whole body of Nathan's work the aphorisms and observations which have nothing to do with the theatre or its art but only with the truth about the roles men and women play on the stage of life. It will be as meaty as Vauvenargues or Rochefoucauld. And there will be left the great body of essays in dramatic criticism for which he has been famous, the earliest of which remain today more lively and more sensible than the celebrated dramatic essays of William Hazlitt or the equally celebrated dramatic essays of Jules Lemaître. His *Encyclopedia of the Theatre* is stuffed like a Christmas cake with savorous bits all the way through the alphabet from Abacus Britannicus to Zapfenstteich.

Happy Days, many of us hope on reading this account of Mencken's first eleven years on this earth, is only the beginning of an autobiography. Here is Mencken's boyhood in hearty and hilarious retrospect, with the adult Mencken's huge delight in Gargantuan exaggeration to emphasize the point of an exact truth, his eye for comic aspects of human personality and eccentricity, his good-natured acceptance of the assumption that the major problems of life cannot be satisfactorily resolved on this earth, his belief in honest work and honest workmanship, his delight in waltzes, moonlight, bucolic scenes, family solidarity, beer, sentiment and buffoonery, and his great fun in composing contrapuntal prose in which the loud stop of his thunderous organ is pulled all the way out and then quieted down *diminuendo* before the Valkyries begin to ride again. Mencken, a master philologian has, as a result of his persistent and expansive philological investigations, acquired a vocabulary of astounding proportions, full of recondite specialists' words, able-bodied nouns and adjectives from other languages, racy slang and piquant archaisms.

He is as fond of outlandish words as an illiterate Negro preacher and sometimes, though not often, uses them cavalierly. But this is just to rib Mencken a bit, out of sheer gratitude for a book so richly evocative of the sounds, sights, smells, flies, insects, disease germs, *mores*, wages, work hours, house furnishings, business procedure, small boys' games and tribulations, adult concerns and amusements, local prides and prejudices, common beliefs and delusions, sins, points of honor and hopes for heaven or expectations of hell which prevailed in Baltimore

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in the 'eighties when Mencken was a fat, normal child, precociously concerned with music and printing, the greatest intellectual event in whose life was when a new and magnificent world was opened up to him on his first encountering Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*. Mencken has not only honored Twain's memory; he has carried on the Mark Twain tradition in the American language and literature.

THE CHECK LIST

Continued from p. 261

FICTION

POLONAISE, by Martin Hare. $2.50. *Macmillan.* Miss Hare's kid creations are neither the sweetish ninnies of Hollywood nor the equally silly sophisticated juveniles that clutter the book stalls. She knows the special natures of the children she writes about, and their psychology, chatter and development are admirably drawn. The story framework, however, is rather rickety from old age.

STONES FOR BREAD, by Edwin Carlile Litsey. $2.50. *Caxton Printers.* The most honestly pathetic tale of recent months, this is the simply told story of two hillbillies who never had a chance to be men, eking out an existence on the edge of a Kentucky dump. The single false note is the injection of religious symbolism which the author apparently thought necessary to counterweigh the awful nothingness of his characters' subhuman destiny.

COLD POGROM, by Max L. Berges. $2.50. *Jewish Publication Society.* From 1928 Mr. Berges anticipated the rise of Hitler in Germany and warned his friends of the menace. Now, as a German refugee who has managed a ballroom in Shanghai and a hotel in Manila, he writes an amorphous but vigorous novel on the aftermath of the Nazi victory.

GREEK TRAGEDY, by G. D. H. and Margaret Cole. $2.00. *Macmillan.* British Communists, Tories, fascists and some antique maidens go on a cultural cruise through the Mediterranean. Politics are argued amid old ruins while romance takes wing in the background. The cruise-leader, a nasty old tick, is stabbed in an olive grove and out of the swarms who might have been guilty you're to find out whodunit.

BIOGRAPHY

COLERIDGE THE TALKER, by Richard W. Armour and Raymond F. Howes. $4.00. *Cornell U. Press.* This is a new and strikingly plausible interpretation of the English poet, philosopher, essayist and critic. The authors refute the standard conception that Coleridge was an unfulfilled writer whose career was blighted by drugs, disease, sloth, and temperament. They plumb the records and adduce facts to show that Coleridge was first of all a talker. His "cast of mind, as well as his physical and emotional disabilities, made writing for him an unusually difficult accom-

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plishment. . . . Endowed with a retentive though capricious memory and an extraordinary facility in the use of words, he found the process of shaping ideas into literary form too slow and tiresome to be borne. Yet he had a continual, uncontrollable desire to share his knowledge with others. The compulsion of his genius made him essentially a talker."

ANDRE MAUROIS, by Georges Lemaitre. $2.00. *Stanford U. Press.* Professor Lemaitre's study of Maurois is scholarly and devout but lacks his subject's own critical knack for showing the weakness as well as the strength of his biographical heroes. Its chief theme is Maurois' inner struggle between the conformism of his long bourgeois youth and the demands of an intellectual life.

RUTHERFORD, by A. S. Eve. $5.00. *Macmillan.* A biography of the great English physicist who unlocked the door to the atom's secrets. It was Rutherford who systematized radioactivity, discovered the nucleus and achieved transmutation. He was "the Newton of the atom . . . the king of the microcosm. . . ." Devoted to his research and his students, Rutherford belonged to that small band of happy men who lead full and fruitful lives without taking toll in the contentment of others.

NEHRU: THE RISING STAR OF INDIA, by Anup Singh. $1.75. *John Day.* Gandhi is old and feeble and will probably not live much longer. His place, Mr. Singh believes, will be taken by the Brahmin-born socialist and agnostic Jawaharlal Nehru. His biography reveals an amazing personality and an effective leader for whom non-violence is not, as it is for Gandhi, a fundamental religious principle but simply a political tool. Nehru is probably the only politician who has written anonymous articles warning the people to watch him carefully lest he prove treacherous.

TESTAMENT OF FRIENDSHIP, The Story of Winifred Holtby, by Vera Brittain. $2.50. *Macmillan.* Tribute to one of the finest English authors who, unfortunately, died too soon to witness the triumph of her best book, *South Riding.* Miss Holtby's passion for life, her friendships, her strange love for Bill, her fight for justice for the Negroes are recounted against the moving background of world events by her closest companion.

ATTORNEY FOR THE PEOPLE, The Story of Thomas E. Dewey, by Rupert Hughes. $2.75. *Houghton Mifflin.* Lively surface story of the man from Owosso. It is too soon to appraise the man and some may even see more than the fortuitous behind the appearance in a campaign year of a biography stressing Dewey's experience. But even the opposition should find it easy reading. . . .

MISCELLANEOUS

THE THIRD TERM ISSUE, by Willis Thornton. $1.00. *Greenberg.* Before the heat of partisan argument becomes too great Mr. Thornton's calm discussion of the "hot potato of American politics" deserves attention. He does not believe that Washington, in refusing a third term, sought consciously to establish a precedent. Jefferson, he points out, clearly indicated his opposition to a third term. Jackson favored a limit of one term, but accepted two. Grant wanted a third term but the Republican convention turned him down. Theodore Roosevelt stated on the night of his election for a second term that "under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination"; but he did not hesitate to organize the Bull Moose movement in an effort to become President for a third time. Mr. Thornton does not appear to be alarmed by the third-term "menace."

I CONFESS, The Truth About American Communism, by Benjamin Gitlow, with an introduction by Max Eastman. $3.75. *Dutton.* Mr. Gitlow was one of the organizers of the American Communist Party, and his testimony is that of an insider who knew the controls. The master switch, of course, was and is in Moscow. As a hothouse outgrowth of the Bolshevik Revolution, Communism in America reflected the most grotesque aspects of Russian Bolshevism. Based on Russian poli-

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tics rather than American conditions, the Communist Party here could develop no applicable program or significant following. It careened along from one factional struggle to another, filling the intervals with fantastic plans and bitter personal conflicts. In place of revolutionary heroism there was acrimonious double-dealing and rationalizing of self-interest in the name of proletarian dictatorship. Out to "free" the working class, the Party had no scruples about getting down payments in advance for its work of salvation. Indeed it mulcted its supporters at every turn. It also demoralized and corrupted them, according to Mr. Gitlow, who tells how unscrupulous and contemptible leaders fought "bourgeois morality" by seducing children and breaking up families. Mr. Gitlow regards his contemporaries in the movement, with few exceptions, as rogues or fools who have left their ideals — if they ever had any — far behind in their scramble for power and the Kremlin's esteem. One is therefore mildly astonished by his own repeated claim that over a period of ten years he consistently participated in Communist skulduggery for strictly idealistic reasons. As a candid, readable account of a phase in American politics not generally known, this is a valuable book.

ONE MAN'S FIGHT FOR A BETTER NAVY, by Holden A. Evans. $3.00. *Dodd Mead.* Mr. Evans, a former Naval constructor, charges the "Sea Lords" — line admirals without industrial training — with responsibility for the inefficiency and excessive costs which prevail in our Navy Yards. His recital of his experiences — interlarded with hitherto unpublicized naval incidents such as the mutiny of a U. S. submarine crew in 1905 — is an engrossing behind-the-scenes record that will make more than one pair of epaulets tremble with rage.

U. S. CAMERA 1940, edited by T. J. Maloney. $2.95. *Random House.* Edward Steichen was given the task of choosing the outstanding photographs of the year and the result is this fine and varied collection. Noteworthy features are a special section devoted to the work done by Weston on the first Guggenheim Fellowship ever awarded a photographer and a magnificent series-portrait by Steichen of his brother-in-law, Carl Sandburg.

THE CHANGING WEST, by William Allen White. $1.50. *Macmillan.* The Sage of the Emporia *Gazette* affirms the thesis, admittedly without economic proof, that "the West became what it was because of a vast increment of wealth from the rising price of virgin land." This wealth, "transmuted by the democratic process into fluid capital . . . was distributed economically and digested socially, also by the democratic processes, by literate people who were as nearly absolutely free as it was possible in the nineteenth century for any man to be free." Today new adjustments must be made in property rights, curbing "the machine owner in his dealings with labor, with the investing public and with the consumer of machine-made goods." Mr. White believes that the first essential in saving democracy is to revive faith in it. Well-digested firsthand observations on its people and institutions by one who saw the West develop make this book significant, although the author's recommendations are no more explicit than those which have been repeatedly suggested by other writers.

THE GREAT NATURALISTS EXPLORE SOUTH AMERICA, by Paul Russell Cutright. $3.50. *Macmillan.* The title is unnecessarily modest. Dr. Cutright has done much more than synthesize the writings of naturalists who have explored South America. He has combined and flavored the substance of Alexander von Humboldt, Charles Darwin, Alfred Russel Wallace, W. H. Hudson, Theodore Roosevelt, Ditmars, and Beebe with his own zoological knowledge. The result is a book as entertaining as it is serviceable.

THE INSIDE STORY, by twenty Foreign Correspondents, edited by Robert Spiers Benjamin. $2.75. *Prentice-Hall.* Each of the co-authors contributes a chapter. All of them are members of the Overseas Press Club of

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America and therefore present or former reporters in the foreign field. Their "inside stories" range all around the globe and across the whole period from World War number one to World War number two. More than a good half of the chapters are, in fact, behind-the-scenes in tone and content, and a number of the chapters are in themselves worth the price of admission. Despite a few weak sisters and brothers in the gathering, the book makes fascinating reading. The writers include H. V. Kaltenborn, Peggy Hull, Wythe Williams, Irene Kuhn, Eugene Lyons, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Burnet Hershey.

TWENTY BEST PLAYS OF THE MODERN AMERICAN THEATRE, edited by John Gassner. $3.00. *Crown Publishers.* An anthology that includes *Idiot's Delight, The Fall of the City, The Women, The Children's Hour, Tobacco Road*; which is enough to indicate the variety of the fare. Some will disagree on the adjective "best" in the title, but at least the choices are representative. All twenty plays are given in full text.

OUR AMERICAN MONEY, by Joseph Coffin. $1.75. *Coward-McCann.* There's glamor and an eventful past behind those sordid greenbacks. The book tells how wampum lost its value as a medium of exchange when the white man opened factories to manufacture it in quantity; how playing cards were once used as money when in 1685 the worried French Colonial Governor of Canada had to keep his soldiers quiet while awaiting a shipment of funds from France; and delves into the forgotten lore of our national coinage.

INVITATION TO FUN: THE MASTER OMNIBUS OF AMUSEMENT, by Harold Hart. $1.98. *Stokes.* Probably the largest collection of puzzles, quizzes, word games, brain teasers, etc. ever compiled in one volume. So you think you're smart? Mr. Hart's 380 pages will take you down a peg.

ANGLO-SAXONY AND ITS TRADITION, by George Catlin. $3.00. *Macmillan.* Coming on the eve of the European War this book attempts to define "values which make it worthwhile to live in these days. We have also to discover values which make it worthwhile maybe for a second time in a generation to sacrifice ourselves." These sacred values of the Anglo-Saxon tradition are "humanism or respect for personality, liberty, experimentalism, tolerance, accommodation in social method, federalism, democracy and certain qualities of moralism and of public spirit." Mr. Catlin fails to present an adequate case that it is the "master ideas of our age," Race (fascism), Class (soviet communism) and Tradition (democracy) which, before everything, are the reasons for the "bloody conflict." No attempt is made to approach the evolution of these ideas on the basis of the conditions which spawned them. In addition to the pronounced Anglophilism, there is the familiar juxtaposition of Good and Evil.

MODERN ART IN AMERICA, by Martha Candler Cheney. $4.00. *Whittlesey.* Intended as a survey of contemporary American art, it lays out the background adequately (both French and American), constructs a sound central section on the men of 1913 (Marin, Hartley, Weber, Maurer, Walkowitz, Dove, Wright, Blümner), but its foreground of younger painters, the American scene, social protest, regionalism and WPA lacks definition and strong values. A chapter on sculpture is included, but the graphic arts are virtually ignored. A sympathetic attempt but by no means a finished composition.

FRANCE OVERSEAS THROUGH THE OLD RÉGIME, A Study of European Expansion, by Herbert Ingram Priestley. $5.00. *Appleton-Century.* A solidly annotated study of early French imperialism which leads the author to the conclusion voiced by Saintoyant that "any sovereign state which, instead of seeking exclusively to find in its colonial natives collaborators in its economic work, seeks to make of them soldiers for its defense and neophytes for its political parties is [only] preparing for troubles and insurrections." *Ergo*, all present-day colonial powers are headed for trouble.

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THE OPEN FORUM

SAVING THE NEW DEAL

SIR: "The New Deal Must Be Salvaged," in your January issue, is significant not only because it was written by the respected Senator Vandenberg, but also because it reflects a philosophy unequaled for political soundness. In these days of excessive unrest it is comforting to behold a politically influential man who does not wallow in the political contrasts between the European nations and the United States.

The Senator from Michigan is a statesman of the first order; his apathetic attitude toward a possible candidacy for the Presidency is enough proof. Apparently, Senator Vandenberg feels that he can best serve the nation in the Upper House of Congress. Certainly, his record in the Senate is a distinguished one.

The two other possibilities as Republican candidate for President (according to current popular sentiment) are men comparatively poorly versed in national affairs. One is the sensational "racket-buster" from New York, the other a Senator from Ohio who has done little but inherit a good political name.

When the Republican Party wins in the 1940 elections, it will need a leader of sound principles to "sweep out the debris" left by many of the New Deal institutions. From his present vantage point Senator Vandenberg saw the New Deal arise, flourish, and decay. Of the Republican triumvirate only he can fully understand the national problems that have arisen during the New Deal and the problems that the Roosevelt Administration failed to solve. Consequently, only Senator Vandenberg is qualified to prescribe courses of treatment. . . . For his sincerity, heart, and wisdom I give you Vandenberg for 1940.

ANTHONY A. WOLLNER

Albuquerque,
New Mexico.

SIR: Perhaps the New Deal could be saved; perhaps it is worth saving; and perhaps the Republicans could do the job, though I doubt it. One thing is certain: the New Dealers can't. I have it by grapevine from Washington that they know this, and that the more convinced they become of their failure the more determined they are to hold onto their jobs.

Their friends among the news commentators have taunted Senator Vandenberg with liking the New Deal so well that he wants to see the Republican Party get the credit for it. But the criticism that what is chiefly wrong with the New Deal is the New Dealers is not to be so easily laughed off. It isn't the plethora of alphabetical agencies with their mushroom bureaucracies which make a thoughtful person tremble for the future of the Republic; it's the "ain't we got fun" theory of government which has prevailed in Washington for the past seven years. A return to responsible government would be something of a new deal in itself. If the Republicans will guarantee to provide it, perhaps it will be just as well to let them try.

W. L.

New York City.

Senator Vandenberg's article evoked an extraordinary amount of both critical and commendatory comment in the national press. We give a few excerpts merely to indicate the tone of the countrywide response. The New York *Sun*, under the caption, "The Itch to Write Betrays Another Victim," stated editorially, in part:

"Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan, whose attitude toward the Republican nomination for President is much like the chronic attitude of Barkis, has an article in the current issue of the AMERICAN MERCURY

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which is likely to make him the favorite author of other candidates for the Republican nomination. The title of the article, 'The New Deal Must Be Salvaged,' may not be the work of the Michigan Senator. It seems designed to catch the eye and raise the blood pressure. But in the article itself Senator Vandenberg lists as things to be saved from the New Deal wreckage when new Republican managers move in: Federal relief, scientific soil conservation, crop insurance, crop loans, the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation, the Wagner Act, Social Security Act, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation and the Securities and Exchange Commission. In addition, the Senator recommends the preservation of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which came into existence under President Hoover and has been continued under the New Deal.

"So baldly stated, Senator Vandenberg's specifications for salvage give a false notion of his attitude toward the New Deal. For example, he says that it would be singularly inept to attack the Wagner Act as a whole, but he devotes several hundred words to the need for changes in the law and in the administration of the law. . . . Despite this cautious, qualified acceptance of part of what the New Deal stands for, Senator Vandenberg has delivered himself into the hands of his enemies. . . . Astute readers may be able to detect what Senator Vandenberg really meant to say. What he actually says could be taken for a half-hearted and lukewarm argument that the New Deal ought to be kept in office if it promises enough in the next campaign."

The Philadelphia *Record* headed its editorial "Let New Dealers Salvage the New Deal":

"What are the Republican national policies? Just what would the Republicans do if they won in 1940? About social security? About relief? About labor? About balancing the budget? The people have the right to ask these questions even if they interrupt the windy oratory of the pre-campaign period.

"Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, of Michigan, attempts to answer those questions in an article called 'The New Deal Must Be Salvaged,' in the current AMERICAN MERCURY. While a bit vague on some points, the Vandenberg statement is far more specific than anything that has proceeded from Tom Dewey, the Giant Killer, or any other Republican spokesman.

"Vandenberg flatly repudiates the notion that the New Deal can be written off as an interlude. His statement is a promise to retain its main objectives, with what he considers improvements in technique and efficiency. . . . Vandenberg has been courageous enough to state his position on almost every important point. Let other Republicans meet the challenge with the same frankness. . . . As for the Senator himself, he has confirmed the need for some New Deal fundamentals without showing us just why it is necessary to have a Republican carry them out. . . . If the New Deal needs any salvaging, the New Dealers had better do it."

Charles Michelson, Director of Publicity for the Democratic National Committee, was as caustic as might have been expected:

"Senator Vandenberg of Michigan agrees thoroughly with the theory so widely voiced by District Attorney Dewey of New York City, and Senator Taft of Ohio, that the simple remedy for all our economic ills is the election of a Republican President this year. He goes a little farther in his survey of the situation by indicating what sort of Republican the next President should be.

"The Michigander's current article in the AMERICAN MERCURY lists the New Deal measures that should be salvaged even though of Democratic origin. In arraigning the administration of the measures he indorses, he mentions the disadvantages of having administrators 'who never met a payroll.' A survey of the dozen Republican Presidents who have held office since the birth of the G.O.P. reveals that the one who filled the specification was Warren G. Harding, who met a modest payroll as the publisher of a newspaper. It is a coincidence that Senator

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Vandenberg has also had his payroll experience as the publisher of a newspaper. It does not appear that any of his conspicuous rivals for the Republican nomination this year has the indicated qualification.

"He is full of scorn for the Roosevelt administration as wasteful, inimical to business, reckless, and so on, but, as stated by the Kansas City *Journal*, which reviewed his program: 'It is apparent that Senator Vandenberg is not against the New Deal at all. He accepts its basic principles in toto.' . . .

"Of course, according to the editor-Senator-aspirant, anything new a Democratic Administration proposes is a dangerous adventure tending to a frightful bureaucracy, and amounting to playing politics with human misery, while any Republican act along the same line would be high statesmanship, destitute of political taint and sure to be successful. . . . Senator Vandenberg could have put his program in fewer and more comprehensible words. What he has said in ten pages of print amounts to this: 'Elect me President and the millennium is here!'"

Raymond Clapper, Washington news-commentator, approved the article:

"We would get along better in this country if the opponents of the Administration would take a look at Senator Arthur Vandenberg's article in the January issue of the AMERICAN MERCURY and use it as a model. That goes particularly for Republican Presidential aspirants and Republican policy-makers. Senator Vandenberg is one of the leading Republican Presidential possibilities and he doesn't come out as a New Dealer. Far from it. He lays heavy blows on the Administration's head, and they are the more deadly in their impact because he does not rest his case upon a blind denunciation of everything that has happened in Washington since 1933."

Bruce Catton, whose Washington comment is widely published, either over his name or as editorial opinion, thought the article widened Republican rifts:

"There has been a great deal of talk about disunity within the Democratic Party; not so much discussion of widening cracks in Republican unity. But they are there, and Senator Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan drove the wedge a little deeper in a magazine article which is coming in for a great deal of discussion in the capital. 'The New Deal Must Be Salvaged' is Vandenberg's text in the current AMERICAN MERCURY, in which he quite frankly comes out as a 'coalitionist,' his favorite theme for a long time, but never before so clearly brought out.

"Vandenberg is a candidate for the Presidency. Let there be no mistake about that simply because he insists he is doing nothing about it. [His] article makes clear that he thinks a Republican campaign based on 'black reaction,' 'repeal the New Deal,' or any such expressed or implied slogan would be a dismal failure. . . ."

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY

SIR: In his article in your January issue Alfred Duff Cooper refers to the "South African War" as closely connected with British colonial policy. He undoubtedly means the Boer War. The undisputed facts concerning the origin, purpose and result of that war are worth a brief recital at this time when we hear so much about "aggressor nations" from the propagandists who are hell bent on embroiling the United States in a war for the preservation of the British Empire.

A handful of Dutch farmers had settled upon a part of the great deserted plains of South Africa, established a primitive agriculture and cattle raising and set up for their government about as pure a "democracy" as the one about which Americans brag so much. The Boers were pastoral, peace loving and could have remained a free and independent people to this day except for the unfortunate fact that the boundaries of their Republic were found to include the world's greatest gold and diamond mines. Great Britain coveted those mines, and she did exactly what every nation possessing the power has invariably done throughout history with respect to

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desirable land possessed by a weaker nation. She took the land by force. She made war on the Boers and destroyed their country.

There was not one scintilla of moral justification for the Boer War. For the German conquest of Poland it could at least be said that the Germans were taking back what had formerly been taken from them. Even this talking point could not be urged to support the British attack on the Boers. It stunk at the time and apparently there still persists enough odor that Mr. Cooper desires to avoid it. . . . So when some of your emotional contributors begin to preach about the sanctity of the British Commonwealth (it is still "the Empire") I suggest the reading of any fair and honest history of the Boer War.

E. C. WATSON

St. Petersburg,
Florida.

SIR: Alfred Duff Cooper omits some important background without which no appraisal of Chamberlain can be complete. And this is the background of which the British are none too proud:

The British policy in years past has been to permit Hitler Germany to grow and re-arm and expand toward the East where the Nazis would encounter and engage in a death struggle with communist Russia. Thus the two threats to British domination would destroy each other while Britain stood to one side and cashed in on the deal. It was this policy that was responsible for "appeasement" and the Munich Pact, to the utter disgust of the rest of the world. But to the amazement of the British, and of the world too, the Russians sidestepped the trap laid for them and signed up with Hitler. Chamberlain realized that the Frankenstein he had created to destroy communism had allied himself with the communists and was now turned upon his creators. So Chamberlain suddenly discovered that Hitler's word wasn't reliable, and thus there was a war.

In this same issue, Upton Close states in his "1930–1940, Decade of Deceit" that "Chamberlain is the pathetic figure of the decade. He is the personification of the Tory mind that built up the menace he now so dismally fights."

There's the background for appraising Chamberlain. And Mr. Duff Cooper, First Lord of the Admiralty, while all this was going on, hasn't a word to say about it!

GEORGE MACKAS

Brooklyn,
New York.

HARSH WORDS, THESE

SIR: You and your magazine are a puzzle to me. From your recent article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, one might suppose that you are interested in the publication of truth and that the restrictions placed on American publications by agents, advertisers, and left-wing critics are anathema to you. Your stand on the lifting of the arms embargo was a blow which almost caused me to cancel my subscription, but your February number makes me wonder if your denunciation of the literary tools of Moscow does not indicate that you, yourself, are a tool of the present dictators of the British people. . . . Are there so few faults in our own social, religious and political practices that you must run three leading articles in recent numbers to arouse hatred of Germany? Instead of giving space to Duff Cooper, propagandist for Britain, why did you not publish the connection between the Cabinet members of England and the London Banks and their foreign branches? You might have told your readers (what is published in England but not in the United States) that the Bank of England rearmed Germany. . . .

Must we continue to have, in the MERCURY, these foreign turncoats who have now decided to tell all? There were many besides Elizabeth Knaust who were not surprised on the morning of August 23, 1939, but they were consistently suppressed by the mental dictators and laughed at by the pink professors. Why cannot you give us more of Nicholas Roosevelt, Gretta Palmer, R. G. Waldeck, Daniel Beard, Boake Carter, Elliott Roosevelt, Rose Wilder Lane and

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others who are interested in our own problems? . . .

BEATRICE ABBOTT

Melrose,
Massachusetts.

HE-MEN PROTEST

SIR: I think your attention should be called to the fact that Sun Valley, Idaho (to which Stewart H. Holbrook apparently referred in your January issue) was built for the prime purpose of attracting *Eastern* he-men to the valley. Idaho prefers to rough it in the vast primitive areas where ski trails follow no whim of man, where deep forests silently beg for sincere visitors. . . . Vardis Fisher stirred up quite a sensational fuss with his article on Boise's overalled society. Holbrook stirs only amusement that he gets his facts from history books and travel folders. If he would care to tear himself away from New York's pink teas and bum a ride to Idaho, the writer would be more than delighted to give him a dash of wild-west that he could *write* about.

MAX G. FUNKE

Boise,
Idaho.

SIR: Does Mr. Holbrook know that just over the Sawtooth Range from the million dollar winter resort, with all its modern conveniences, lies the oldest mining town in Idaho? Here, old style dredge mining is in operation and bewhiskered old prospectors live in huts made of yellow-pine slabs and pan for gold along the banks of the river. They kill their own meat with rifles, not shot-guns (ten-gauge or otherwise), and do not hunt with seats strapped around their waists.

Jackson, Wyoming, in the famous Jackson Hole Country, still has board sidewalks, and every other building is a saloon where they drink, dance, gamble and fight till dawn. The bar-maids are just as pretty and the Irish bartenders just as tough as they were in the early days. It was only a few months ago that two ranchers came riding into a saloon on their horses and emptied a round of cartridges, shooting all the lights and whiskey bottles in the place.

Don't bolster up the courage of our Eastern cousin so, Mr Holbrook; he may come out hy'ar to call the Western he-man's bluff and pick the wrong pansy.

FRED G. DRIGGS

Salt Lake City,
Utah.

LABOR AT THE FAIR

SIR: In "Labor in the World of Tomorrow," by Stanley High, in your November issue, charges are made against the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Local 3, that demand vigorous denial.

I do not deny to Mr. High the right to draw any conclusions he pleases from any set of facts, but it seems to me that elementary journalism requires at least a certain scrupulous regard for accuracy. And in this I think he has failed. For example, the statement that workmen at the Fair received as high as $12, $14, and $16 per hour is absolutely without foundation. The highest rate on record for the Fair Corporation contracts clearly shows that at premium time *one* foreman in the highest classification received a maximum salary of $6.25 per hour. The highest rate paid to electrical workers was $2 an hour for a six-hour day, with time and a half for overtime.

It was also pointed out with indignation that one worker received a check for $171 and complained, refusing to take it, on the ground that he felt that his pay for the week should have been $180. The worker in question, a member of Local 3, had put in his normal thirty-hour week and in addition had worked forty hours overtime. Thus, his check should have been $180 and he was quite within his rights, I believe, in refusing to accept any amount less than what he had earned.

It was also charged that this union forced the rewiring of half of the electrical equipment at the British Pavilion and other exhibits. A communication from the New York

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Board of Fire Underwriters, Bureau of Electricity, to James F. Shields, Superintendent of Electrical Construction for the Fair, dealing with this question is offered in reply to your author's unfounded accusations. It reads in part:

> In many instances, however, it was found that the exhibits had previously been wired abroad in such a manner that in our opinion would present actual life and fire hazard, whereupon our inspector suggested such changes here and there . . . In the Italian Building the wires of some exhibits were very poorly insulated and tacked to the woodwork. Also open type receptacles used and high voltage conductors to neon tubing run in a haphazard manner. In these instances we suggested that the wires be properly arranged and insulated from woodwork, and where grouped, covered with asbestos tape. . . .

The charge that Local 3 demanded that the Boulder Dam exhibit be completely rewired by union men because it had been made by non-union labor is an absolute misstatement of fact. Had Mr. High taken the trouble to discuss the matter with a responsible official of the Fair or with any officer of the Union, he would have learned that (a) Nevada had never submitted its final plans for the construction of the exhibit, (b) that the model was never brought to New York for exhibition and, (c) that the construction of the Boulder Dam exhibit was never formally discussed by a representative of the Nevada State government with any official of the union. When the matter of the Nevada exhibit was informally discussed by the Fair officials and union representatives, the union immediately granted approval for the bringing in of the exhibit. At no time was there ever a discussion as to whether the exhibit was union-made or not.

The International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Local 3, has been in existence for nearly fifty years. It is a craft and industrial union with more than 16,500 men and women as dues-paying members. It has pioneered in the establishment of insurance benefits for the dependents of deceased members, it has established pension funds, sick funds, unemployment funds, and has made serious efforts to solve the unemployment problem. At present, it is engaged in a nation-wide campaign for the six-hour day and thirty-hour week. It is a militant, hard-hitting union. All of which, perhaps, explains why it has been subject to a series of violent, unprincipled attacks during the last year or so. However, the benefits which we have won for our members and their dependents enables me and my co-workers to face these attacks with complete equanimity.

HARRY VAN ARSDALE, JR.
Business Manager
New York City.

DEFENDING NEW JERSEY

SIR: The statements and opinions of McAlister Coleman in his article, "Politicians' Paradise," have stirred me to defend my native State, which may have much to remedy, but at the same time has much to be proud of in its past and present.

I resent hearing New Jersey referred to as "Jersey" and as the "Gangway State — the latter epithet arising, I suppose, from Lincoln Steffens' opinion quoted in the article, that New Jersey is inferior because it lies "in between other States like New York and Pennsylvania." As a matter of fact, in some ways New Jersey's geographical position is superior to that of either. Jersey City is the natural eastern terminus for railroads, with waterfront for shipping, while New York City, on an island, requires extra freight rates for lighterage across the harbor, since long ago it acquired sole rights to the customs house for the harbor.

Perhaps the New York laws which Alexander Hamilton and his followers tried to evade were as unfair as this monopoly on customs. On the basis of research done by my father, the late William H. Richardson, my opinion is that Hamilton saw the natural geographical superiority of New Jersey, which gave promise of expanding industrially

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and socially beyond the limits set by an island metropolis.

JANE RICHARDSON KALLMAN

Fort Shafter,
Hawaii.

BIG BAD MENCKEN

SIR: Referring to your invitation to subscribe, addressed to me at Salisbury, Maryland, don't you know that Salisbury is situated on the "Eastern Shore" of Maryland, and that the AMERICAN MERCURY was founded by H. L. Mencken? And don't you know that Mencken is anathema to all the good people of the Eastern Shore? Perhaps you didn't know that he referred to this section as the "Bible Belt," and that he complimented our neighbors to the south — on the Eastern Shore of Virginia — by calling them "flea bitten Virginians"?

After all, the MERCURY is just another magazine. It is well written, but so is the Bible; it doubtless contains, from time to time, a few grains of truth, but so does the Bible. Besides, truth is such an abstract quantity that I have ceased to hunt for it. I have even given up the idea of saving my soul — and H.L.M. had nothing to do with that decision; I thought it out for myself. But I don't relish the prospect of being hanged to a tree for the grievous sin of being known to read something even remotely connected with H.L.M. Not that I have anything against him, but we are hoping to go through 1940 without a lynching, which we can probably do if H.L.M. stays in Baltimore.

W. C. THURSTON

Salisbury,
Maryland.

CORRECTION

In the article "Revolution Comes to Hollywood," in the last issue, a serious error occurred through a typographical slip. Charles A. Page is mistakenly described as Lieutenant Governor of California, when of course he is private secretary to the Lieutenant Governor. Our apologies to both gentlemen.

IN BRIEF

Harry Stanton Tillotson of Philadelphia approves the harsh judgment of Jerome Mellquist in our columns on current art credits. "That the hideous distortions, absurd perspectives and the obvious aping of the harsh proletarian style should be taken for art," Mr. Tillotson asserts, "is a good gauge of the depths to which American art criticism has sunk." He speaks up for the tradition of Eakins, Breckenridge, Homer and Sargent. . . . V. E. Mikkelson, President of the Fidelity State Bank, Minneapolis, also cheers for the Mellquist opus, as do George C. Ault of Woodstock, New York, and others. . . . Maurice Page, Chicago, takes us to task for objecting to Comrade Browder's claim that in obtaining a false passport he was merely travelling "incognito" like certain plutocrats. But there is a difference. John J. Plutocrat may be Mr. Bonnechose in The Ship 's list, but his passport is in his own name. He doesn't file fake documents and swear to lying statements to fool the State Department. There's a difference between masking for a costume ball and masking for a hold-up, so to speak. . . . T. W. Garve, of Columbus, Ohio, commenting on "Hitler Told Me This!", argues that Dr. Hermann Rauschning's word cannot be accepted "when you consider that he betrayed the confidence of his superior." Whether the secrets of men in the higher brackets of world politics should be respected like those of lesser mortals is an open question. Personally we feel that a different code of ethics applies. . . . This is what we have written to Enock Werner of San Francisco, and his complaints may be gathered from our reply: "I do regret that you do not like my literary style. You will be pleased, though hardly astonished, to know that others share your judgment. . . . In merely signing those State of the Union editorials with my initials I was bending backward on the modest side. It did not occur to me that I should be accused of stealing Mr. Nock's halo. . . . I share your enthusiasm for Mr. Nock's literary talent."

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THE CONTRIBUTORS

GEORGE ABBE, now teaching English at Mt. Holyoke College, is the author of *Voices in the Square;* his poems have been published in many leading magazines; he is under thirty. MATTHEW BILLER, who has been a postman and truck driver, is author of two volumes of verse. WHITFIELD COOK is known to MERCURY readers, several of his short stories having appeared in these pages; he has been stage manager for several New York productions. RUTH FINNEY has been a member of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers staff in Washington for the past sixteen years; she is the wife of Robert S. Allen of "Washington Merry-Go-Round" fame. TOM S. HYLAND is a recent graduate of the University of Wisconsin, and has studied at Harvard. REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN has been at various times foreign correspondent, editor, novelist; he is at work on a new novel at his home in the Maine woods, and describes himself as "an Uneconomic Royalist." FERDINAND LUNDBERG, author of *America's Sixty Families* and other books, has written extensively in national periodicals on social problems. HARLAND MANCHESTER, newspaperman and radio writer, has specialized on crime history; several of his famous murder stories have been published in the MERCURY. PAUL V. McNUTT, Administrator of the Federal Security Agency, is regarded among the foremost Democratic Presidential possibilities; he has been National Commander of the American Legion, Governor of Indiana and High Commissioner to the Philippine Islands, in the order listed. S. K. PADOVER has written a number of historical works, the most recent of them *The Life and Death of Louis XVI;* his article "*Unser Amerika*" in *Reader's Digest* last year attracted wide attention. CARLTON PARKER is the pen-name of a teacher of Latin and Greek in one of our larger universities. THEODORE PRATT is the author of *Big Blow*, a novel of life in Florida, where he now lives; he is a former foreign correspondent and his by-line is familiar to readers of national magazines. BURTON RASCOE, one of the outstanding American literary critics, is at present at work on a novel set in Oklahoma, where he spent his boyhood. FREDERIC SONDERN, JR., was formerly chief European correspondent for McClure's Syndicate; his articles on world affairs have been published in leading periodicals. BENJAMIN STOLBERG, author of *The Story of the CIO*, is a well known writer on labor and social problems; he is co-author of *The Economic Consequences of the New Deal.*

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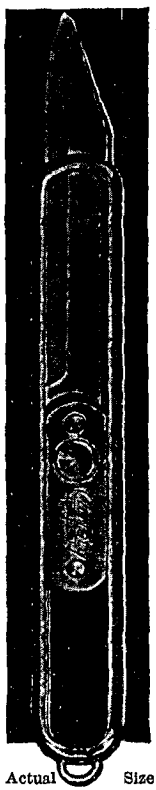

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Szostakowicz — Symphony No. 5, Op. 4
(Victor Album 619, $12.00). A light an amiable work of no great importance, an overlong; but a performance by the Phil delphia Orchestra of silken excellence an brazen wealth, recorded as well as any disks the full modern orchestra have ever beer that gives a value to the album far above it strictly musical content. Few long wor conducted by Dr. Stokowski show such cor scientious care in preparation.

Beethoven — Symphony No. 2, in D, Op. 3
(Victor Album 625, $7.00). This is not onl the best recording afforded the Second Sy phony, but the suavest, most expert, orche tral playing; and Dr. Koussevitzky's leader ship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra bright and lively. It has not, however, th gracious fluidity of Weingartner's versio (Columbia Album M-377), nor the restle rush of Beecham's (Columbia Album M-302

Rediscovered Music of Johann Strauss: (Colum bia Album M-389, $5.00). Waltzes, Polka and a Quadrille, by the greatest master c such music, not before recorded, disinterre from a collection in the Library of Congres They are played without any embellishmen whatever, and to pretty good effect, by th CBS Orchestra conducted by Howard B low. The recording is good average.

Bruckner — Symphony No. 9, in D M
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:ploited with a relentless pertinacity to the tinction of auditory patience are character- ic of Bruckner. The first recording of his it (unfinished) Symphony requires fifteen rfaces, of which three are devoted to a sty and entertaining *scherzo*. Siegmund von lusegger conducts the rough Munich Phil- rmonic Orchestra with some excessive de- tion to the composer's score, in an admi- bly rich and balanced recording.

ench Piano Music: (Victor Album 549, .50). The six pieces by Fauré, Pierné, vérac, Chabrier, and Debussy form no bitrary collection, but a surprisingly illus- tive synopsis of a product essentially ench — which is to say the composers ught their method in Russia and Spain ther than Germany or Italy. Emma Boy- 's playing of the perfumed and often grant music is capable and convincing.

vel — Concerto for the Left Hand: (Victor lbum 629, $4.50). This *pièce d'occasion* has ore interest than might be expected of a ow piece written for a pianist lacking an m: it has a lively rhythmic drive and makes tensive use of a theme found in Rimsky's *nde Pâque Russe*. Here it is played by lfred Cortot's brilliant left hand with re- unding support from the Paris Conserva- ry Orchestra conducted by Charles uench. The recording is of superior quality.

hopin — Sonata No. 2, in B Flat Minor, p. 35: (Columbia Album M-378, $5.00); *ourteen Waltzes:* (Columbia Album M-390, 7.50); *Twenty Mazurkas:* (Victor Album 26, $10.00). These three Chopin sets have in ommon exceptional recording of uncommon ianistic skill. However, Edward Kilenyi's astery of the keyboard is qualified by an rent complacent offhandedness which, ot too detrimental (nor helpful) to most of he *Waltzes*, is pretty cruel to the (Funeral larch) *Sonata*. In the *Mazurkas* (the first teen and four others), the manual artistry f Arthur Rubinstein is actuated by a mobile oetic insight that makes the imaginative nd melodic little dances tingle as they hould; and makes the album one of the best n the recorded repertory of the composer.

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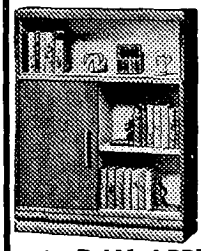

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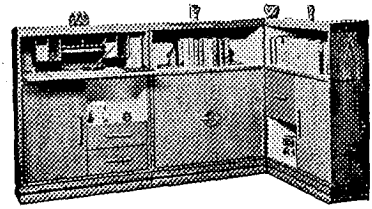

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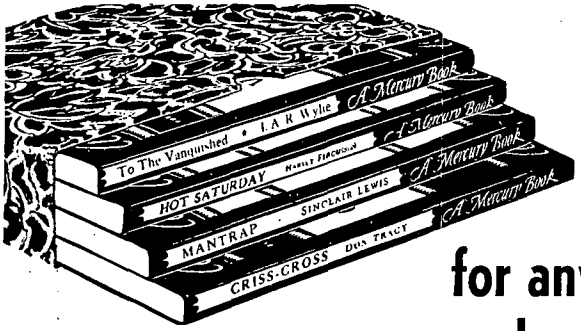

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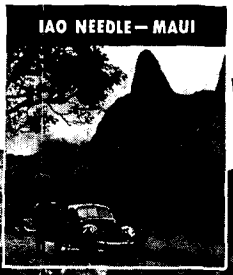

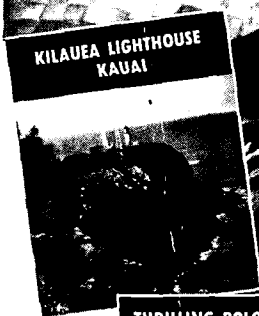

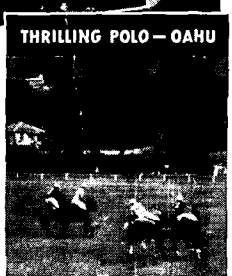

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